

GERMANY AGAIN IN THE TOILS OF BIG STRIKE

# The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

## WAREHOUSE COMES TOPPLING DOWN AT LIVERPOOL



A general view of the wreckage which buried the men.



Mr. John de Grey, the West London Police Court magistrate, who retired under the age limit, is once more practising as a barrister.

The young American sailor who was found almost completely denuded of clothing in Mayfair. He cannot remember either his name or where he lives.

Private Moyney, V.C., Irish Guards, who has been decorated with Medaille Militaire. He is the only V.C. to receive both these honours.



Giving a drink to Walter Hancock, who was buried for eighteen hours.

There has unfortunately been loss of life as the result of the sudden collapse of a big warehouse in Back Goree, Liverpool, as several men were working on the roof when the crash came. Others were rescued from what was a living tomb.

## A COLD BATH FOR ETON RUNNERS: WATER JUMP A STUMBLING BLOCK.



A competitor in the junior steeplechase discarded his shoes and carried them in his hands.



None of the competitors managed to negotiate the water jump at Eton, where the senior and junior steeplecheses were decided yesterday.

## EX-KAISER'S DOUBLE



Wilhelm Hohenzollern does not appear in public at Amerongen, but Homoet, his chief cook, does, and he loves to be mistaken for his employer.

# MEN FROM A LIVING GRAVE.

Grim Tales of Warehouse Crash at Liverpool.

"RESCUE MY PALS."

Sailor Helper's Amazing Agility on the Ricketty Ruins.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday.

After being buried in the debris of the wrecked Liverpool warehouse in Back Goree, two men, Walter Hancock and Joseph Tetlow, were rescued alive this morning.

Another, Frank Orderly, a casual labourer, was reached by the rescue party, but died immediately.

The total number of victims, so far as can be ascertained is: Dead, four; rescued, six; missing, two.

The names of the dead are: Frank Orderly, Duncan-street; William Fearnott, West Derby-road; and two others whose names are believed to be Scott and McKeown.

The bodies of the two last named have not yet been recovered.

The men were working at the top of the building when it collapsed.

Wreckage from the upper floors fell upon them and pinned them down, and the sufferings of the survivors were intensified by the bitter cold of the night.

Rescue work was stopped, as it was feared that an adjacent building might also collapse. This morning searchers had directed their attention to a new part of the wreckage.

Hancock and Tetlow asked for a cigarette before being placed on the ambulance.

**RESCUE MY PALS.**

The police were assisted by several soldiers and sailors. "Will you let me go up there, sir?" was said one sailor to the chief inspector. "I was sent to you yesterday, and I can help."

Scarcely had permission been given before he was over the top, surmounting the treacherous slope with great agility.

Speculation is rife why rescue operations were suspended last night.

City officials disclaim responsibility, but the city surveyor, who was at the scene of the disaster, explained that when darkness set in it was believed the rescuers that it was not possible there could be any living person in the ruins, and it was generally agreed to stop work for the night, so the actual order was given.

One of the women onlookers, rushing up to Hancock, asked him in a distressing voice: "Is my Frank alive?" Hancock replied that his husband, Frank Orderly, was lying not very far from where he had been on the sixth floor, about half an hour. Joseph Tetlow was brought down. Despite serious injury, he was calm and collected, and was smoking a cigarette on a stretcher.

He told the rescuers to go on with their work because there were three more of his pals on that floor still alive, and two other men who, he believed, were dead.

**"SOME DAY!"**

**Mr. Bonar Law and Appointment of Women Magistrates.**

Mr. Bonar Law, in the Commons yesterday, informed Mr. Clough that the Government had not yet considered the appointment of women magistrates.

I suppose it will have to be considered some day.

A Women's Emancipation Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. B. C. Spooner, Labour M.P., for Bishop Auckland.

The Bill proposes to give women the right to hold any civil or judicial office under the Crown, equal franchise with men and the right to sit and vote in the House of Lords for peers elected in their right.

**Canada and Women.**—Premier Hearst has introduced in the Legislature a Government Bill allowing women to sit in the Provincial Parliament, to hold municipal office and to permit the election of farmers' wives to school boards.

**TRAIN MYSTERY.**

**Canadian Officer Killed — Who Pulled Communication Cord?**

The Woking police are investigating a mysterious tragedy on the South-Western Railway.

It was found at 10.30 on Monday night that a train overdrive from Waterloo was missing.

The train was discovered later standing outside Worplesdon, having been stopped through someone pulling the communication cord.

On the line being searched the shockingly-mutilated body of a man was found lying on the line a mile away.

The body was clothed in Canadian officer's uniform, and papers were found bearing the name Lieutenant John Proctor, 8th Canadian Reserve Battalion.

The War Cabinet yesterday, it is officially announced, appointed Sir Henry Norman, M.P., vice-chairman of the Imperial Communications Board, of which Lord Milner is chairman.



Mr. Ian Macpherson, Irish Secretary, now a K.C.  
Mr. H. H. Curtis Benett, who has been made a K.C.

## DRUMMED OUT.

**Sir Frederick Bridge Tells of His Super-Performance.**

### DEAN STANLEY ASTONISHED.

How that distinguished musician, Sir Frederick Bridge, came to play so humble an instrument as the drum was described by him yesterday.

The occasion was a dinner, at which Sir Frederick was entertained on his retirement from the post of organist at Westminster Abbey after forty years' service.

Lord Ernle, Minister for Agriculture, who presided, confessed that, with regard to his position, he could not pretend that we were accustomed to link music with manure.

"I have served under three Sovereigns and under four deans," said Sir Frederick.

"It has been said that Dean Stanley's favorite musical instrument was the drum, but I have played the drums in the Dead March in 'Saul,' chiefly from him, received from the dead him self."

"Once Dean Stanley came to hear me play the Dead March, and I succeeded in putting in more drums than the astonished dean had ever heard before, or anybody else has heard since."

## MYSTERY OF HUN SHIP.

**Drifting Helpless and Abandoned in North Sea.**

From Our Own Correspondent.

WEST HARLEPOOL, Tuesday.  
The German ship Gernot was picked up by the trawler Kathleen, of Birkenhead, during a strong gale 11 miles from Harlepool on Sunday, and brought into Harlepool yesterday.

The vessel was drifting helplessly in heavy seas, and it was only after considerable difficulty that the trawler took her in tow.

The Gernot had evidently been abandoned in a gale.

## THE RIGHT TO WHISTLE.

**"Hope They Will, When Patriotic Songs Are Played," Says Judge.**

From Our Own Correspondent.

BIRMINGHAM, Tuesday.  
"Whistling is not a serious offence. Boys and girls will whistle when patriotic songs are played, and I hope they will do so," said Judge Ruegg at Birmingham County Court yesterday.

The Judge added that he had been asked by Miss McConell of Parkside, Hockley, who claimed £50 for the forcible ejection from the Hockley Hill Picture House on an occasion when patriotic music was played.

The audience whistled, the manager called a policeman, and Miss McConell was required to leave.

**ANT'S ATTACK 42 HOUSES.**

**Street To Be Demolished to Get Rid of Insect Plague.**

From Our Own Correspondent.

BRISTOL, Tuesday.  
The Brandon (Dulwich) Urban Council this afternoon listened to a report by Inspector Ward on a street of forty-two houses at Brandon infested from end to end with ants.

For years this street, inhabited by miners, has been infested with these insects, and every effort has been made to clear them away with out success.

The ants get into clothing and into loaves, cheese and bacon, and torment very young children.

Inspector Ward regards the demolition of the street as the only remedy.

A memorandum of local authorities on National Housing states that the number of houses to be built every year should not be less than 200,000 for at least fifteen years after the close of the war.

**WHERE THE SUN SHONE.**

Sunshine records of health resorts yesterday included:—Eastbourne, 10 hours; Clacton, Yarmouth, Banff, Nairn, 9 hours; Ramsgate, Hastings, Walton-on-Naze, Malvern, Felixstow, 8 hours; Torquay, Margate, Southend, Leamington, Skegness, 7 hours; Newquay (Cornwall), 8 hours.

**TO-DAY'S WEATHER.**

S.E. England: Moderate winds; fair or fine; cold.

## A QUEEN'S SORROW.

**Touching Appeal for Return of Her Stolen Treasures.**

### "HONOUR AMONG THIEVES."

The police are still without a clue concerning the burglary at Abercorn House, Richmond, the residence of Queen Amelie of Portugal.

Queen Amelie is very distressed at the loss of several personal mementoes which her Majesty prized highly, and hopes that when the persons who took them know how dear they were to her, she will return them in some way.

In an interview the Marquis de Soveral said: "If there is honour, or even tinge of sentiment among thieves, I am sure the burglar in this case will understand the Queen's sorrow at the loss of articles which were presents from those dear to her."

"The following, for instance, are treasures which the Queen is earnestly hoping will be returned:—

A gold wedding ring, engraved inside "A.C. 22 March 1886."

Gentleman's engagement ring with three stones diamonds and sapphires.

Silver pencil case with the days of the week and the dates of the month (in English). This belonged to the late Crown Prince.

Silk purse which the late King was wearing on the day of his assassination.

Locket with photograph inside.

About 200 articles in all were stolen, but if the Queen could only get those mentioned she would be happy."

## A SOLDIER'S MISTAKE.

**Thought He Could Marry His Brother's Widow.**

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEWTON ABBOT, Tuesday.

A soldier, named Charles Hicks, was charged to-day with perjury by making a false declaration to the Registrar of Marriages, and Ellen Hicks, widow, was charged with aiding and abetting.

For the prosecution, it was stated that the defendants, when giving names of intended marriage by licence, stated that they were cousins and they swore the declaration that there was no impediment to the marriage.

A form of marriage was afterwards gone through, and it was afterwards ascertained that Hicks was the brother of the woman's first husband.

## TERRITORIALS' MARCH.

**Lord Mayor Hopes to Arrange for a Triumphal Procession.**

In the House of Commons yesterday, Captain Guest said he understood that the Lord Mayor hoped to arrange a triumphal march through London of London troops.

The *Daily Mirror* understands that it is fairly certain that provincial towns will shortly have the pleasure of seeing their soldiers marching through their native towns.

## BACON PRICE DROPS.

**Back Now Being Sold at 1s. 8d. per lb.—7d. Margarine.**

Like all the other measures of decontrol, the framing of bacon is already justified.

Back bacon is being sold at 1s. 8d. a pound, or 8d. below the control price.

Margarine at 7d. a pound, "as advertised," sounds almost like pre-war days. The next step to be expected is surely a reversion to the old custom of "something-for-nothing" margarine.

"But that is still far off," *The Daily Mirror* is informed. "Not even the most daring storekeeper can afford to cut prices so keenly."



Rescue of one of the buried workers from the wrecked Liverpool warehouse. See also page 1.

## ACTORS' VIEW OF THE STAGE DISPUTE.

**"Strike Talk Is Foolish and Exaggerated."**

## REPLY TO MR. COCHRAN.

The war between Mr. C. B. Cochran and the Actors' Association continues to excite lively public interest. There is to-day nothing new to report in the campaign, and matters will remain in their present position until the Actor's Association's general meeting.

"There is really nothing now for us to do, having clearly defined our position," said Mr. Norman McKinnel at the offices of the Actors' Association yesterday to *The Daily Mirror*.

"At the moment a resolution is being drawn up by the Council of the Actors' Association which will be put to the general meeting to be held in a fortnight or three weeks' time. By that resolution we must stand on all fours."

The Association decides that its members shall no longer play in companies where non-members are engaged and then our course of action will be simple."

"Supposing the meeting takes the opposite view?"

"Well, in that case—a contingency which I regard as most unlikely to occur—the Actors' Association would, I take it, cease to exist. In any case, all this talk which I have seen about a possible strike of actors is foolish and exaggerated."

"£5 A WEEK TWADDLE."

This quarrel is not with the managers in general, but with Mr. C. B. Cochran, who stands out in splendid isolation."

"His production of 'Cyrano de Bergerac' offered us a glaring instance of the evils of the unpaid rehearsal system. The Actors' Association would not have been worth its salt had we not taken vigorous action against these evils."

"I see Mr. Cochran states that rehearsals are generally prolonged by the actors and actresses, and so on, and that they do not turn up at the appointed times." According to my long personal experience of the stage, this is not true.

"I have usually found that it is the manager, or some of his friends connected with the production, who turn up late at rehearsals, and keep the company waiting."

"Let us hear no more about the £5 a week twaddle. Even on that wonderful basis, a man who works a rehearsal for eight weeks at nothing, and receives £5 a week for the ensuing fortnight only, is hardly in receipt of a living wage under modern conditions."

## SINN FEIN BOY SCOUTS.

**Interrupted Drill—"Instructions for Destroying Railway Bridges."**

From Our Own Correspondent.

LUBLIN, Tuesday.

Four boys, members of the Fianna Eireann, or Sinn Fein Scouts, were charged here to-day with illegal drilling in Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin, on Sunday.

A party of twenty were found drilling, and after a chase over the fields seventeen were caught.

In their possession were documents which contained instructions for destroying railway bridges.

They were each ordered six months' imprisonment.

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## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

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# GERMANY GETTING IN TOILS OF BIG STRIKE AGAIN

**"PARTING GIFT OF £50,000."**

**Sir E. Geddes' Explanation of "Compensation."**

**M.P.'S JOKE ON "ERIC."**

Speaking yesterday at the Standing Committee, which is considering the Transport Bill, Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, said that they proposed to fight for every single item included in the Bill. Its main object was to procure for the commercial and industrial people of this country a system of transport fitted to their needs.

Mr. J. H. Thomas welcomed the statement that the principle of the Bill was to be adhered to.

Sir Eric Geddes said it was impossible to see how they could efficiently conduct the task to be entrusted to the Ministry if they eliminated any of the services included in the Bill.

**£50,000 PARTING GIFT.**

Mr. Ronald MacNeill, speaking on an amendment to limit the expenditure in any one year to £250,000, said that a book was written by Dean Farrar of a virtuous little boy, entitled "Eric, or Little by Little." He was afraid that the hero of to-day would proceed by leaps and bounds.

Mr. MacNeill called attention to the parting gift to Sir Eric Geddes by his railway company of £50,000 and inquired whether that sum was included in the State guarantee.

Sir Eric Geddes said that one of the terms of an agreement made between him and the North Eastern Railway Company before the war was that in the event of the nationalisation of railways he should receive compensation.

Mr. J. H. Thomas wanted to know why the company could give a man that sum and grudge the porters a few shillings.

The amendment was withdrawn and the resolution was agreed to.

## ECONOMIC PRESSURE TO RIGHT WORKERS' WRONGS.

**How the League of Nations Will Enforce Labour Reforms.**

Late last night, says Reuter, details were issued of the report and draft convention drawn up by the Commission on International Labour Legislation in Paris.

The draft provides for an annual conference, the members of the League of Nations to accept its proposals for labour reforms.

States will be under an obligation to submit such conventions to their legislatures or other competent authority, and if such conventions are endorsed the State will be under obligation to enforce them.

If a State fails to do this, the governing body will cause inquiry to be made, and in the last resort the League of Nations will decide what measures of any economic character, if any, may be taken.

It is proposed that the first conference shall be held in October and, if possible, at Washington. Each State will send four representatives, two officials, one employer and one employee.

## BEDOUIN REBELS BOMBED FROM THE AIR.

**Government Buildings Burned—Result of War Unknown.**

Cairo, March 21 (received yesterday). Further outrages are reported from the provinces, including the burning of Government buildings at Rosetta and the Agricultural Bank building at Alexandria.

Bedouins and villagers are gathering in large numbers between Cairo and Fayoum. They have been bombed and machine gunned by aeroplanes, their losses being severe.—Central News.

The ignorance of the Bedouins regarding the true result of the war has been exploited by agitators, who induced them to carry Turkish flags.—Reuter.

A later Exchange message says that order has been restored at Fayoum and other places.

**40,000 MINERS RETURN.**

From Our Own Correspondent

NOTTINGHAM, Tuesday. The Notts coal strike was settled to-day, and 40,000 miners will resume work to-morrow.

Three pits in Derbyshire will also resume.

A new price list for clerks and main-road workers has been agreed upon, and Notts miners are now practically the highest paid in the country.

The Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation has accepted the Government's terms.

**Wild Men's Aim—Ruhr Under Martial Law—Frankfort Looting—Russian Menace.**

## "BIG FOUR'S" RHINE BAR DECISION.

Germany is again in the toils of a big strike. The Ruhr district is under martial law, and there have been troubles in Wurtemberg, Frankfort and other places. The wild men's aim is to establish Bolshevism. According to one report the Russian Bolsheviks are to attack Germany this month.

The Peace Conference is speeding up, and it is said that the "Big Four" have decided that Germany shall not be allowed to retain garrisons, fortifications or munition factories on the left bank of the Rhine, or in a belt at least thirty-two miles wide on the right bank.

## NO FOOD FOR THE STRIKERS THREAT.

**Disturbances and Looting in Frankfort.**

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

The general strike in Berlin is now in full swing, and threatens to be just as serious as the other strikes which caused such grave riots. The strike was commenced in the Ruhr district at ten o'clock this morning, and the reply of the Government was to declare the whole district in a state of siege and to occupy all the greater towns with troops.

The Government also issued a proclamation saying that the workmen strikers would not get one kilogram of food or stock arriving from Allied countries, while all labourers working seven and a half hours a day would get greater quantities than other people.

The Government say they are ready to suppress the strike by all the means in their power.

### FOOD CONDITIONS HOPELESS.

The number of strikers this forenoon amounted to 150,000. The strike has also begun in Wurtemberg, while a counter-strike has been placed in Stuttgart, where the posts, telegraphs and railways are closed.

The situation is most difficult in Frankfort-on-Main, where the food conditions are particularly hopeless. Seven hundred workmen went to the Food Distribution Officer yesterday and demanded food. Patrols were sent out, and a fight commenced.

The demonstrators, getting into a state of desperation, repulsed the soldiers and stormed the police headquarters and the food stocks. Reinforcements arrived later, and the revolt was suppressed.—Exchange Special.

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

A Frankfort telegram of to-day's date says 300 looters have been arrested up to midnight. The disturbances are entirely due to the shortage of foodstuffs.—Reuter.

### OUT FOR BOLSHEVISM.

The situation everywhere may be termed serious, says a Berlin Reuter special message. The aim is purely political, namely, the overturning of the present Government and the establishment of Bolshevism.

The Berlin Cabinet, says the Exchange, has summoned a number of the men's leaders to a conference.

## BOYS AS HIGHWAYMEN.

**200 LADS HOLD UP A TRAIN AND ROB PASSENGERS.**

BERLIN, Tuesday.

The insecurity in the large cities of the Empire has again reached a dangerous stage, and murders and robberies are increasing to a marked extent.

In Hamburg sailors are taking part in street robberies.

In the Eifel region 200 lads entered a passenger train, which was running from Euskirchen to Liblar, and on the way forced the passengers to surrender their food and articles of value, threatening them with daggers and other weapons.

During the disturbances at Frankfort machine guns were used by looters and police, and in the fighting there were killed and wounded.

At Stuttgart food shops were stormed by enormous crowds of purchasers for fear that supplies would not reach that town.—Reuter's Special.

## RED MENACE TO GERMANY.

**Bolshevist Offensive Predicted Early in This Month.**

COPENHAGEN, Tuesday.

A Berlin telegram to the *National-Tidende* says the Russian Bolsheviks are approaching the German frontiers. Numerous Russian agents are active, and the Soviet General Staff are busy making plans for the campaign against Germany, which will be opened in the beginning

**LUDENDORFF SAYS "DON'T SIGN."**

**"BIG FOUR" BARRING FORT CENTRES FROM RHINE.**

## SAAR BASIN PROBLEM.

The "Big Four" made real progress yesterday in their peace discussions. They dealt with:

Danzig and the Polish question.  
Saar coalfields.  
Rhine frontiers.  
Indemnities.

Following on the evidence submitted by Marshal Foch, the deliberations on the Rhine question seem to have reached a decisive stage.

Agreement has apparently been reached on one point, namely, that Germany shall not be allowed to retain garrisons or keep up fortifications and munition factories either on the left bank of the Rhine or in a belt at least fifty kilometres wide on the right bank.

Concerning the Saar basin, it seems to be now settled that France shall have the right to exploit the whole of the coal basin as part of the reparations due to her.

On the other hand, it is possible that the whole mining and industrial region of the Saar may be constituted a separate entity, the status of which would have to be determined.—Reuter.

Reuter's special message says the Big Four are considering the proposal that France should have economic and political control of the Saar Basin, since the mines of Northern France become productive again—probably a period of five years.

Arrangements for the proceedings at Versailles are progressing rapidly, and it is expected that the German delegation, including secretaries, journalists, etc., will number well over 100.

A large hotel has been set apart for their accommodation.

A Berlin telegram says that Ludendorff has publicly advised Germans: "Do not submit to the will of your enemies. Do not accept the annihilation peace which France alone imposes."

Wilhelmshaven messages speak of seafarers' unrest and of a new revolution timed for May.—Central News.

The *Popolo Romano* says the Italian territory question has been settled.—Exchange.

## THE PREMIER'S PLAN.

**DANZIG LANDING WAS PROPOSED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE.**

Foch has gone to Spa to meet Erzberger, the Hun delegate, and lay down the Allies' demands regarding Danzig and the landing of the Polish Army there.

That the Polish Army should be transferred from France to Poland via Danzig was Mr. Lloyd George's proposal, and this has been agreed to by the "Big Four," but the ultimate fate of Danzig itself and the twelve-mile corridor which would give Poland access to the sea still remains to be decided.

Mr. Hughes, the Premier of Australia, said some strong things about peace delays at a dinner to Dominion delegates.

They were making peace. Every week we were promised it for next Saturday.

"If I were a Scotsman I would say, 'I ha' no doots,' but there is one thing of which I have no doubt whatever—and that is that the German is what he always was and always will be."

"He is the same as he was in 1914, and ready to trick us out of the fruits of victory."

"The question is, will he be allowed to do it?"

President Wilson (says the Exchange correspondent), addressing the Peace Conference on the subject of delays, told the members that the world was expecting facts, action and results.

## LEAGUE IN THE TREATY.

**LORD ROBERT CECIL'S ASSURANCES TO THE BERNE SOCIALISTS.**

Lord Robert Cecil received in Paris yesterday the Committee of the Socialist Conference at Berne and gave the following replies to their representations:

Admission of Germany and Russia to League of Nations. Impossible to admit States without a stable Government.

Direct election of delegates. Each country must decide.

Abolition of all wars unless undertaken by the League. Agreed in principle, but did not think they had reached a point of agreement on the development of which would make the full application of the principle possible. Promised to consider this point very carefully.

Speedy peace with League Covenant in the Peace Treaty. This was the determination of Mr. Wilson and the British Government.

Raising the Blockade. Full concurrence with the hope that the blockade might be raised as soon as possible, and that the problems connected with reparation, which now stand as an intolerable burden on the revival of credit, would speedily be solved.

# ONE MILLION "HAIR BEAUTY" FREE GIFTS

"Open Sesame" to the Treasure of Beautiful Hair—Unique "Harlene Hair-Drill" Peace-Time Demonstration to Prove How You Can Banish Hair Poverty.

A WONDERFUL HAIR-BEAUTY FREE OUTFIT AWAITS THE LABEL TO YOUR OWN HOME.

Luxurious, Abundant, Wavy Tresses for All Who Post the Gift Coupon Below To-day.

As surely as the magic words "Open Sesame" revealed to the hero of the Arabian Nights Story, priceless treasures in gold, silver and precious gems, so to-day is the golden treasury of beautiful healthy hair, by the wonderful Gift Offer made here, placed in the possession of the tens of thousands of men and women readers.

Hair poverty unquestionably means a dowdy appearance. Hair health brings with it the return of youth, a fascination of appearance and charm which is irresistible in its appeal.

It is hair health and hair in abundance that "Harlene Hair-Drill" offers you to-day.

It is an extraordinary thing, but nevertheless perfectly true, that there are thousands of people who look at things without ever seeing them; particularly is this true of the hair. Every morning of your life, and perhaps several times during the day, you stand before your mirror to brush and comb your hair, and do not realise the alarming secret that is being revealed to you.

#### A Remarkable Revelation.

As you brush your hair a powdery scurf falls on your shoulder or perhaps the hair lies dank and lifeless when you part it. Perhaps in the comb there is a mass of hairs pulled from the head, or perhaps—well, there are a host of symptoms that clearly tell you hair poverty has set in.

You may banish that hair poverty to-day. Take the opportunity now, whilst you are thinking of this important matter, and send at once for the Free Gift that awaits you.

To every man or woman who writes there will be sent a full week's outfit, comprising everything necessary to commence a delightful yet scientific course of healthy hair culture.

And, chief of all, in the wonderful gift parcel which will be sent you, is the trial bottle of "Harlene" itself; that wonderful golden liquid which, like wine to drooping spirits, stimulates and revives the drooping hair.

"Harlene" itself is composed of the very elements that the hair will absorb, and so increase its growth and abundance. This golden liquid is hair food, just as milk is the food for the tiny children. And whilst it feeds and actually promotes new hair growth, it cleanses away the dust and decaying matter that chokes out the life of the hair, giving a sense of freshness and freedom to the scalp, and withal a subtle, restrained, but enticing perfume that the most fastidious appreciate.

#### A Gift Every Reader Wants.

Were it for the supply of "Harlene" alone, the gift offered you would prove invaluable, but here is a four-fold gift completing the hair beauty course invincible in

its power to banish hair poverty for ever. Everybody should try the delightful experience of "Harlene Hair-Drill," and, of course, particularly those who have thin, weak, straggling hair that is always falling way.

address, written clearly on a blank piece of paper, together with the coupon below, and you may commence to gain hair beauty in the delightful "Harlene Hair-Drill" way.

whose tresses form an aureole of beauty and splendour—both alike have secured this priceless quality of hair health by simply performing for two minutes each morning the simple "Harlene Hair-Drill" you are invited to demonstrate in your own home free of cost.

#### Harlene Will Banish These Troubles.

The "Harlene Hair-Drill" four-fold gift is for you if you are troubled with

1. Falling Hair.
2. Greasy Scalp.
3. Splitting Hair.
4. Dark or Lifeless Hair.
5. Scurf.
6. Over Dry Scalp.
7. Thinning Hair.
8. Baldness.

Be resolved that as the spring-time wakes to life the millions of winter hidden buds and blossoms, the "Harlene Hair-Drill" free gift shall wake to life the hidden beauties of your hair. Every day that you neglect the more your hair increases its poverty, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair-Drill" will never fail you. Vouched for by Royalty itself as well as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair and increase its value to you. Simply send 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and a Free Harlene Outfit will be sent to your address in

any part of the world. Cut out the coupon below and post as directed to-day.

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"Daily Mirror," 2/4/19.

#### NOTE TO READER.

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# Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1919.

## "FIGHT THE FAMINE!"

We, who were not agreed on all questions during the war, are impressed with the sombre reports of famine or threatened famine received from Russia and the Central districts in Europe. There is no time to waste. There is a possibility of a catastrophe of unexampled horror and magnitude, and we urge the Government without delay, and as a matter of immediate necessity, to raise the blockade so as to admit a greater freedom in the import of food supplies.

THOSE are the introductory terms of a memorial that reached us yesterday—a memorial signed by British men and women of every class and every opinion—by clergy of all denominations, by men and women of letters, by leaders of thought and action, by peers and commoners, by lawyers, business men, and labour men.

All these want our Government to "fight the famine" on the Continent.

The danger is "Bolshevism." The danger is the complete collapse of all Eastern and Central Europe up to the Rhine lands. Starvation is driving the millions there resident to utter despair. Our own soldiers tell us about it.

It is rumoured very persistently that our Government are not to blame, but that only one thing prevents the complete raising of the blockade, and the letting in to those dark places of light for the mind, food for the body. This thing is the ineradicable prejudice in the minds of certain statesmen abroad that the blockade must be held over the heads of millions till those millions agree to whatever terms fevered revenge and obsolete greed may impose upon them.

And meanwhile—strange paradox!—those very men who are insisting upon the weapon of starvation for the enforcement of a peace that will inevitably lead to future wars—these men declaim all over the French Press and invade the British Press too with frightened yells against the Bolsheviks they are themselves promoting.

We know what sort of "intellectuals," in France particularly, are engineering the crusade. We don't need rumour here. We see and read. There is the unflinching war prophet, M. Huitin. There is the exquisite dilettante of old days, now the confirmed jingo, Maurice Barrès. There was yesterday a long, fatuous letter from M. Chéradeau, the author of a series of hysterical books urging war before the war came. Frenzied with fear or seeking for self-advertisement, these leaders of thought are trying to entrap the splendid French people into unjustifiable annexations which will in a few weeks plunge us into utter confusion.

Now let us make it quite clear that it is not "maudlin sympathy" with Germany that makes the men and women of this memorial (as well as many others) deprecate the promotion of anarchy in Europe. Some of them may happen to be Christians indeed; but that is not the point. They are mainly people who want to get the stricken world on its legs again—before it is too late.

The others—those of the Chéradeau type—simply go on clinging to the old, old idea of playing diplomatic chess, with bits of country and millions of human lives. They chop and change cities and territories that simply will not exist any longer by the time they get to the end of their demands. Obviously it is no good arguing with them.

And that being so, it is really now for the people of France to give them a hint. The hint is this: "Bolshevism," when its tyranny, coupled with its disorder, reaches the Rhine may very easily not stop there. The French people who fought the war are weary of war. They will not endure the men who are trying to prepare new wars for them when they perceive that the result of these men's deliberations has been to plunge all Europe into ruin and so make the word "victory" meaningless once again.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still.—William Penn.

## "TO SMOKE OR NOT TO SMOKE"?

### A QUESTION THE NEW BUDGET MAY RAISE AGAIN.

By C. MOLYNEUX.

TO smoke or not to smoke? That, undoubtedly, will be the question to which many of us will have to find an answer if, as a result of the coming Budget, the price of our tobacco is to be further increased.

And, if it is raised, and we feel it a matter of hard duty to make the great sacrifice, and to resolve to lay aside our pipes and henceforth keep our tobacco pouches and our cigar and cigarette cases empty, then there will arise yet another question—Have we the strength of will to keep our resolution?

I once knew a man who was a most inveterate smoker.

He would make nothing of smoking some thirty or forty cigarettes a day. One night

"Keep to it? Of course I can. Do you doubt it?"

I did doubt it very seriously; but I did not add to his indignation by telling him so.

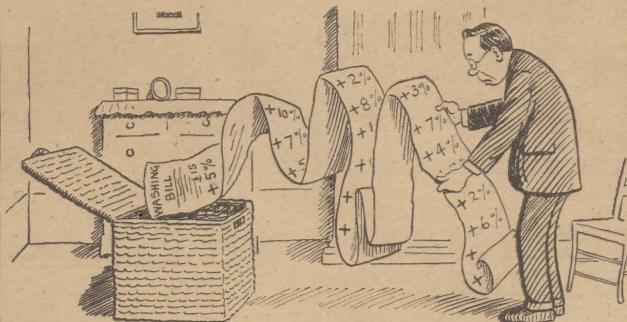
A month or so later I met him again. Smoking!

"Hello!" I cried, pointing to his pipe. "I thought you had given it up."

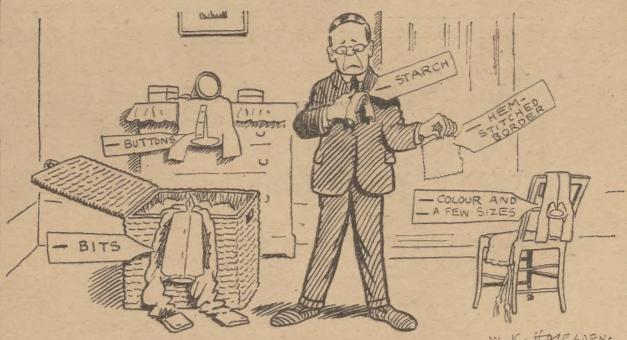
"I did for a week," he answered, "for one whole confounded week, and then my wife came to me and told me she couldn't bear it any longer. I had become, she said, just one big human lump of irritability, and, when not actively cross and aggressive, had grown so sulken and morose I was simply making her life and the children's lives downright miserable. She assured me she would rather make any further sacrifice, even to forgoing a new hat or dress, than to go on, as we had been going on, and she begged me to go back to my 'wretched tobacco,' whatever it might cost me. As you know, I never could

### WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.—No. 5.

HOW IT IS THAT THE MORE "PLUSSES" THERE ARE ON HIS WASHING BILL.



THE MORE "MINUSES" THERE ARE IN THE THINGS SENT HOME FROM THE WASH



The ways of many post-war laundries which are always charging more and more for work done worse and worse!—By W. K. Haecklen.

friend challenged his ability to give up smoking.

He gave it up there and then.

A year or two afterwards he called on me, and we sat down before a blazing fire to talk over old times.

I lit my pipe and exhaled a puff of fragrant smoke by way of preliminary temptation and then offered him one of my choicest cigars.

With a wave of his hand he declined it.

I could tempt him, but I could not make him yield. He was as adamant. But such determination as his is not given to every man. The spirit may be willing enough, but the flesh is often pitifully weak.

I remember a short time after the price of tobacco was increased to its present figure meeting my friend Robinson in the Strand.

I asked him what he meant to do as regards his smoking. "Leave it off," he replied, and then continued: "You see my wife has stopped taking her stout on account of its outrageous price, saying we cannot possibly afford it, although the doctor has prescribed it, and it is as a tonic to her. Then how can I, seeing her make this sacrifice, continue buying my tobacco. I can't do it, my dear fellow, I really can't do it!"

"Very right and proper," I replied, "but can you keep to your resolution?"

refuse the little woman anything—I was always weak where she was concerned—and that night I lit my pipe. And now," he added, "I smoke more than ever."

"But why?"

"Because life grows more troublesome and more full of anxieties every day; and when troubles and anxieties increase so must the daily number of a man's pipes increase also: for so much the more does he need to be comforted." And in saying this Robinson undoubtedly struck a true note.

It is now, when the whole world seems topsy-turvy and half of it, too, has gone raving mad, and Bolshevikism is spreading like some foul disease, turning men and women into devils; when the struggle for existence grows harder every day and cares and worries and anxieties press upon him: while the memory of all the tragic happenings of the last five years still cling to him and a dark and lowering future lies before him—yes, it is now that the smoker gratefully turns to the "Heaven-sent plant" for consolation, knowing it will not fail him.

That this consolation may still be left within his power to obtain is the wish and hope of the more humble smoker and what he respectfully begs of his Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer to permit.

C. M.

## BEFORE PEACE DAY.

### DO WE REALLY WANT ANOTHER CARNIVAL OF REJOICING?

#### PEACE AT HOME.

LET us celebrate peace by securing peace—at home!

That is the best suggestion for peace celebrations. If we are all quarreling at home these celebrations will surely be a mockery.

A. M. E.

#### THE BEST MONUMENT.

THE mania for putting up monuments is one of the most wasteful and foolish that now plague the world.

Let our monument of this war be the memory of our dead—as well as to do the best we can for those who survive them.

L. S.

#### LABOUR AND THE CELEBRATIONS.

THE spontaneous outburst of joy which acclaimed the "cessation of hostilities" on November 11 and the following days stood for everything, thanksgiving, rejoicing and gratitude, more sincerely than any of us," according to Mr. P. J. Patterson, "and it can attain."

The only factor favourable to the prospective pageant is that more of the splendid band of British victors are now at home.

But surely before deciding how to keep peace day it were best that we should first of all make ourselves certain that since armistice day something has been done that calls for a special celebration.

If the labour upheaval, for instance, is not properly readjusted and everything in that sphere of our Empire's existence is not (for all time) made serene and just, and if the disgusting profiteering of the present moment is not absolutely put an end to, then there is most decidedly no reason for further carnival, and what your correspondent "Fact" rightly terms "reckless waste of money and time."

Brentwood, Essex. FRED. W. EDWARDS.

#### NO PEACE?

YOUR correspondents are glibly discussing the pros and cons of "Peace" celebration, quite oblivious of the fact that the impending signature of the Peace Treaty will be signed with Germany will not be worth the paper it is written on, because the present "Government" of that unspeakable country is not a stable Government, but only a sporadic and ephemeral ruse—believe, whose undertakings will assuredly be repudiated by a series of similarly negligible bodies which will succeed it.

Moreover, the chaotic conditions which now overshadow the world large make the effigy of "Peace" a very sorry spectacle.

Alas, many a long day—nay, many a long year—must pass before the genuine figure of Peace invites an exuberant welcome, in this or any other country involved.

H. DE FLONQUER COX (Major).

The Garrick Club.

#### HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

THE best way to deal with Bolsheviks would be for the authorities to deport every known Bolshevik anarchist to Russia in this country.

I am afraid there is but where they came from to foment fresh trouble, but would dump them on some desert island, where they could "Bolshevise" to their hearts' content and without doing the world any injury. SOUTON.

#### CINEMAS AND FAIRY TALES.

I WAS surprised to read your correspondent's letter stating an objection to fairy tales being shown to children at the cinema—or, indeed, that they should have anything to do with fairy tales at all.

Is it not our ambition to make our children grow "tidy" as soon as they are born? To rob them of the happy world of enchantment through which we roamed with so much enjoyment?

Some of us cherish happy memories of our youngest days, and it was a less happy world we came to know as we grew up.

H. C. ADAMS (Lieut.).

#### SHORTER LETTERS.

War Books.—I don't agree with Mrs. Martin Harvey that we shall want to linger over the war books. They are too painful. The horrified world sees nothing but the horrors of war.

Dream and Death.—Dreams depend as much upon a merely physical organism, as thoughts in working do. No distinction whatever can be made between the two forms of mental activity.—DOCTOR.

A Tax or a Wife?—A wife surely is a tax. That being so, those without wives ought to have taxes instead.—MARRIED MAN.

Mediums and Faith.—Mediums are laughed at for transmitting "frivolous" messages. That is only because many of them are imperfect transmitters of divine intelligence.—BELIEVER.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

April 1.—In spite of recent bad weather beautiful violets may be gathered from the frames now. It is important to give them as much air as possible; the lights should only be drawn on when a frost is feared and to shelter the plants from the wind.

When flowering ceases the violets must be lifted, healthy runners or divisions being placed in a shady bed of moist rich soil. Give plenty of water during hot summer weather and carefully hoe beneath the roots.

If these directions are followed strong plants will be available for setting out next September. Princess of Wales is the finest single variety for the amateur to grow. L. E. T.



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## SUNDAY PICTORIAL

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## WHY IS THERE NO WOMAN V.C.?

### HEROIC DEEDS THAT MERIT THE HIGHEST REWARD.

By WALTER WOOD.

This article is of particular interest in view of the list of V.C. heroes published in the "London Gazette" this week.

**N**o decoration is given more sparingly than the Victoria Cross: no honour is more eagerly coveted and more highly prized, and none has such a true and wondrous brotherhood.

The recipients range from peer to workhouse boy, from clergyman to gaolbird—for one of the finest Great War heroes of the Cross was a reformed criminal.

Many of us hope that at least one woman will be added to this roll of glory.

As the Victoria Cross Warrants stand at present, the decoration cannot be given to a woman; but as long ago as December 3, 1917, Mr. Macpherson said that when a case arose in which a woman performed an act in the circumstances contemplated by the Warrants consideration would be given to the extension of the conditions.

The first Warrant—January 29, 1916—ordained that the Cross should only be awarded to "those officers or men who have served Us in the presence of the enemy and shown signal valour or devotion;" and "with a view to place all persons on a perfectly equal footing . . . neither rank, nor long service, nor wounds, nor any other circumstance or condition whatsoever, save the merit of conspicuous bravery," should establish a claim to the honour.

#### "THE V.C. FACTORY."

That in itself answers the question which Mr. Kellaway recently put when, referring to a terrible explosion at a Midlands munitions factory, he said: "Why should not the V.C. be conferred on this brave factory?"

"Brave factory!" "The V.C. Factory!" That is the name by which the place is known; yet how many people have heard about it or know of it?

V.C. Factory, but only in name, though doubtless an immortal name. Quite lately I was talking with a survivor of the catastrophe. She was in the explosion, which occurred in a munitions works outside Nottingham. It came like the crash of doom, she said. And more than 300 women perished.

"You were there when the explosion happened?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"And you went back?"

"Of course I did. Buildings were burning and there were smaller explosions—and you never knew when it would be your own turn. It was terrible; you didn't think about it; but it was worse for the boys at the front."

No cross can be given for the V.C. factory because the courage shown was not displayed in the presence of the enemy; but the Warrants have been altered before to fit certain circumstances, and they can be amended again.

#### TWO WOMEN HEROES.

Women have undoubtedly shown acts of courage which deserve the high recognition of the Cross—hosts of fighting men will testify to that, and one or two at least could be selected for recognition.

Experience has shown that time is no barrier to an award—not long ago a Cross was gazetted for bravery displayed two years previously.

We now know the place and the details of one of the worst of the German acts of deliberate devilry—the air raid on the military hospital at Etaples on May 19-20, 1918.

It was in every way a monstrous outrage, worthy of the brutes who planned and perpetrated it; but it was relieved of its overwhelming horror by the courage of the women who were forced to endure it, and particularly the nurses. The extent to which their heroism was realised was shown by the award to some of the nursing sisters of the Military Medal "for distinguished services in the field."

Two such awards were made known from the War Office a couple of months ago, the recipients being nursing sisters, one of whom, Helen Elizabeth Hansen, C.A.M.C., "worked devotedly in the operating-room throughout the period of the severe bombardment, which lasted for two hours."

Now, these were precisely the qualities for which the Cross had been repeatedly awarded; could there be more real heroism?

The deeds have been done, the Cross exists to reward such achievements, there is an undoubted feeling that women have proved their right to be added to the immortal roll, and all that remains to be done is to adapt the Warrants to the new state of things. (W. W.)

## WHAT THE FIRST "SOLO" FEELS LIKE.

### MY EARLIEST EXPERIENCES ALONE IN AN AEROPLANE.

By "WING ADJUTANT."

(Major W. T. Elake.)

FLYING has its terrible moments, especially for the pupil airmen.

Early one frosty morn I wandered out to the aerodrome and proceeded to wait for my instructor. I had then flown about three and a half hours dual, and being continually cursed by my instructor for "a mutinied fisted fool" had no thoughts of solo flights in my head that cold morning.

I walked up to the pilot and asked if he was going to take me up.

"Nice morning," he replied. "How do you feel about a solo?"

Slowly I climbed into the old bus and began to fumble with the controls.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the ambulance roll on to the aerodrome and take up a convenient position. The mechanics were waiting. Fingering the controls and endeavouring to steady the wobble in my voice I called out:

"Contact!"

With eyes glued to the revolut' on indicator I waved aside the chocks, opened out the engine and jolted away over the aerodrome. With my heart in my mouth I pulled back the control lever. Immediately all was still, the jolting ceased, and I realised that I was actually flying alone.

At 200ft., recollecting I had to fly round the place, I commenced my first turn, pressing the rudder pedal ever so gently.

Slowly she swung round, and as I watched the ground slipping aside I became conscious that I was climbing on the turn and nearly stalling. Hastily I pushed forward the control lever and the machine fell into a dive. Back came the "joy stick," and at last I had the aeroplane upon an even keel.

Unfortunately, I had by this time forgotten all about the turn, and found myself more than a mile away from the aerodrome.

By this time I had been in the air about six minutes and was gaining confidence when came the fearful thought that I could not remain in the air always. I had to descend.

It was now or never, so I pulled back the throttle and pushed down the nose of the machine. Suddenly the ground rushed up as though to hit the aeroplane back to heaven.

Feverishly I gripped the controls, then realising I was doing the worst possible thing, lightened my clasp. Earth was very close.

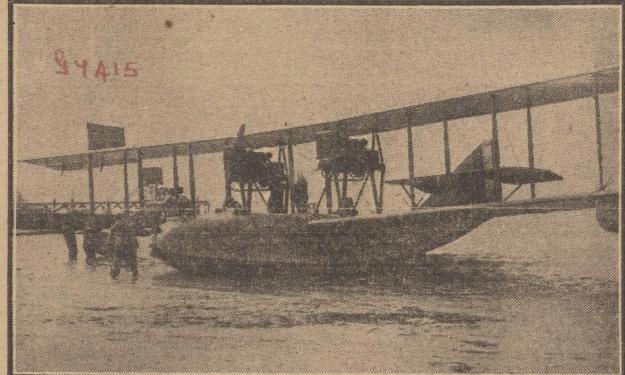
Gently I pulled back the "joy stick." Up went the nose of the machine. Forward went the control again; down went the nose. So, seesawing up and down, I came to earth.

Reaching out my hand I switched off and the aeroplane rumbled to rest. I was down alive. I had not crashed, but I firmly registered a vow that nothing on earth would ever induce me to go up again.

As I wiped a shaking hand over my wet face the instructor strolled over to the machine.

"Not so bad for a first effort," he said, "but that landing was pretty rotten. Go up and do it again."

And I went up and did it again. W. T. B.



**HYDROPLANE'S LONG TRIP.**—A big American machine which left the Rockaway Naval Station, Hampton Roads, on a speed and endurance flight.

## ARE SO MANY POSTPONEMENTS NECESSARY?

### SOME WORDS ABOUT A NEW PLAGUE.

By HELEN MOORE.

WE have all become accustomed in the case of theatrical productions to the announcement intimating the management's regret that, through one cause or another, the production will be unavoidably postponed.

This announcement has become as familiar almost as the Labour unrest, and it has long since ceased to surprise us.

Theatrical productions are not, however, the only things postponed. Indeed, there is really a plague of postponements—of luncheons, dinners, parties and whatnot, until one's life is spent in an atmosphere of bewildering uncertainty.

It is the uncertainty of nations visited upon the individual.

Two weeks ago I was asked by a friend to lunch with him on a certain date.

I was quite pleased, and said how very much I should enjoy lunching with him. I made a note in my diary, and carefully avoided making any arrangement that would clash with the appointment.

The morning came, and just as I was leaving the house to keep the engagement my friend telephoned to ask me would I mind postponing the luncheon.

"But promise me you will come next week!"—and I promised.

As an added inducement, other friends were included in the invitation.

There was much telephoning among the invited guests and much pleasure expressed over the prospective reunion, but, alas! it was not to be.

Our host-to-be was called away on important business this time, and had to leave town so hurriedly that he had to get someone else to telephone his apologies.

We were all very sorry, of course, and made the best of things by having a little party all to ourselves.

A message came to us asking—

"Would we all go down to a house-party for the week-end to join the absent one on his return?"

Well, of course we would. All of us.

We each went our different ways promising to meet again at the week-end and have a topsy-turvy time, the ladies discussing their gowns and the menfolk talking expectantly of golf.

But our friend suffered from the postponement plague.

That Friday morning we all received a letter informing us that as the gentleman's entire family had unexpectedly turned up for the week-end he wondered if we would very much mind postponing our visit, as the house accommodation was rather limited, and, of course, he felt perfectly certain we should "quite understand"!

Politeness alone dictated our course of action.

We all lied delightfully and kept our feelings to ourselves.

Duty calls must always be attended to, but would not a little more care and thought before making appointments save much heartburning and disappointment, unnecessary worry and anxiety?

H. M.

## WHAT DOES IMPERIAL PREFERENCE MEAN?

### A SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

In this article we have a very clear analysis of a subject that will once again loom large.

WHAT, exactly, is Imperial Preference?

Will it be good or bad for this country and for the British Commonwealth?

A Preference is clearly intended to mean some advantage given by one country to another. It may be in return for a similar favour or it may be without return.

Imperial Preference implies a preference to our Dominions in all parts of the world as over against other countries. This may be a preference on all imported goods or only on some. It may be a preference to our Dominions against all countries without distinction, or it may mean carefully-drawn lines of demarcation between Dominions and Allies, Allies and neutrals, neutrals and enemy countries.

England has been a Free Trade country now for many years.

It is true we have put taxes upon certain things brought into this country, but those taxes have been taxes for revenue purposes.

In order to be able to come to some decision in our own minds as to whether Imperial Preference, which was one of the promises made at the last election, would be good or bad for the Commonwealth, it is necessary to state the advantages and the disadvantages.

#### QUESTION OF SENTIMENT.

We all are anxious to see the Motherland, the Dominions, and all our overseas possessions drawn closer together.

It is thought that a preference granted to goods imported from our Dominions would incline the people of those Dominions to us.

If such a concession were made to the other parts of the Empire without asking for anything in return it might conceivably have that effect.

The other advantage of a Preference put forward by those who advocate it is that it does give a certain return in the shape of taxation imposed upon our Allies as over against our Dominions, a larger return as over against the neutral Powers and a still larger return as over against enemy Powers.

On the other hand, it is argued that the Dominions came to our rescue at the time of the war when there was only the sentimental bond binding us together, and that possibly Imperial Preference might operate unfairly as between one part of the Empire and another.

It is added that the Allies and the neutral Powers might feel aggrieved by this distinction made against them, and that, with regard to the enemy Powers, it might keep alive hostile feelings.

#### THE LABOUR VIEW.

Imperial Preference was originally advocated by many on the ground that in time the British Empire would be entirely self-supporting and that therefore in time of war we should have little to fear.

The position of those who take this view has been seriously weakened by the fact that food and raw materials are not included, and that, granted a League of Nations, war would be less likely to interfere with the free import of goods from other countries.

If preference is only limited to finished manufactured goods much of the advantage to the Dominions would disappear.

There is one other point that cannot be ignored.

It is doubtful whether the bonds of Empire would be either strengthened or loosened by our fiscal policy, and the Dominions in all seriousness do not take this into account.

But there is a risk, or would be a risk, of a breach with the United States if we asked Canada, for example, to tie her hands in making commercial treaties with the United States because of any preference which we have granted.

The Labour view is an extension of the idea of Imperial unity.

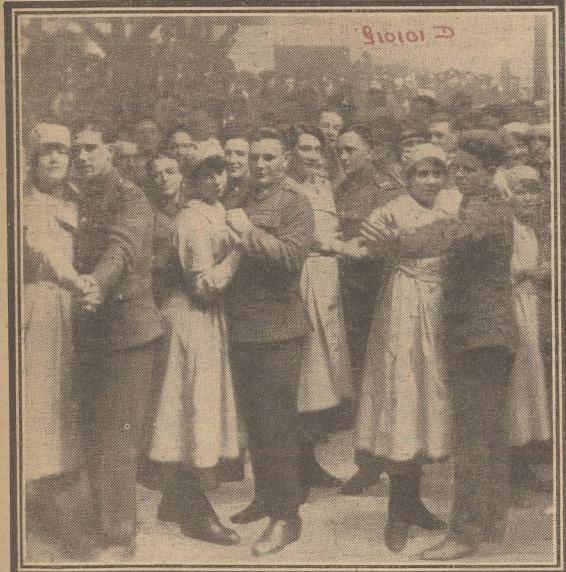
Apart altogether from the question of preference to the Dominions, Labour would be willing to take any steps within reason that brought closer together the Anglo-Saxon and English-speaking races.

Labour looks forward to the time when the idea of the League of Nations will become a reality and when for that reason, it would be advisable to try to break down any barriers which would prevent the 100,000,000 of the United States from joining a Federation of English-speaking peoples.

Perhaps under these circumstances it would be as well to reconsider the question of Imperial Preference in the light of an Anglo-Saxon Union.

P. A.

## WAR WINNERS AT A DANCE.



Canadian soldiers dancing with munition girls at a farewell dance at Whitley. The depot is being removed to Ripon. In addition to the dance there was a concert, with tea and speeches.



FOR BABIES ONLY.—The lounge at the babies' hotel opened at Stoke Newington by the National League for Health, Maternity and Child Welfare. Note the decorations on the wall.



Netful of roach and perch.



A fish out of water.

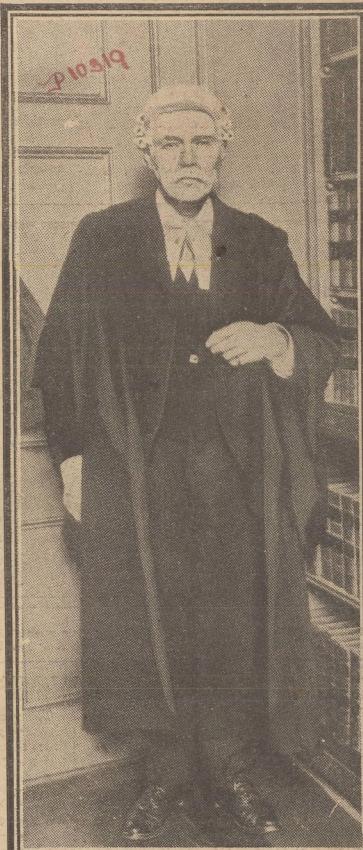
RESTOCKING THE THAMES.—Thousands of young fish are put into the river every year by the Thames Angling Preservation Society. They are taken for the greater part from reservoirs and waterworks.

## WOMEN IN NEWS



Miss Christabel Ellis, O.B.E., off to G.H.Q. France, to discuss the question of replacing R.A.S.C. drivers by women.

Miss E. Dudley Ward, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, to be married this month to Captain Allan Adair, M.C.



FROM BENCH TO BAR.—Mr. John de Grey, the West London Police Court magistrate, who retired under the age limit, has resumed his work as barrister. He is seen at his chamber in, wig and gown.



GENERAL DEAD.—Major-General Sir Rutherford Drummond, who has died. He was mentioned in the Afghan war.



HIS NEW POST.—Mr. E. C. Cunningham, to succeed Sir Stephenson Kent as Controller General of Civil Demobilisation.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES



The Prince of Wales congratulates



Lynch holding. He was repeatedly

At the conclusion of the glove contest between Jimi Wales vaulted into the ring and made a brief speech. Wilde won on points in fifteen

## A BOXING MATCH



...ok him heartily by the hand.



...ince (x) in uniform on left.

...at the National Sporting Club, the Prince of ... was that the British representative had ...  
...r exclusive photographs.)

## TWO NAVAL POSTS



Rear-Admiral G. H. Barrett, who, it is announced, will command the light cruiser squadron, China station.



Rear-Admiral C. F. Dampier, who is to succeed Admiral Sir Roger Keyes as commander of the Dover patrol.



**ENTITLED TO A REST.**—The late Mr. Gladstone cut down trees for a hobby. Mr. Ford saws wood. He says that after turning out 3,000,000 cars, he has earned a holiday, and is seen at his California retreat.



**CHARITY BALL.**—Countess Bathurst, on the committee of the forthcoming ball to aid the Women's Hospital, Chelsea.



**ENGAGEMENT.**—The Hon. Margaret Barnwell, Lord Trimlestown's daughter, to marry Lt.-Col. C. H. Townsend.

## SPLENDID AIR PHOTOGRAPHS



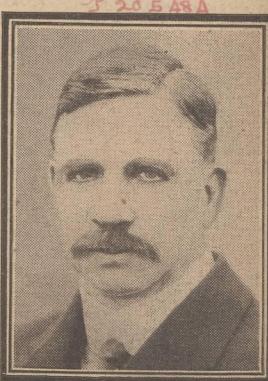
The deadly accuracy of our pilots is illustrated at the R.A.F.'s exhibition, and this photograph shows how, with unerring aim, the airman has hit an enemy train with a bomb.



Another photograph at the R.A.F.'s exhibition, which opens at the Grafton Galleries to-day. It shows a life-saving apparatus, which was the invention of a corporal. Carried by airships, it is inflated when necessary.



**TO-DAY'S BRIDE.**—May, daughter of Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., the ex-Food Controller, will be married to-day to Lieutenant Herbert.



**P.C.'s RISE.**—Deputy Chief W. V. Webb, the new Chief Constable of Cambridgeshire, has risen from the ranks to his present high position.

GENERAL

Reg. 10

## WHY ARE FARES DEARER?

One Reason: WAGES are Higher.

No one can say quite what wages will be. Negotiations are just completed for shorter working hours and still higher rates of pay.

How is the cost to be met?

## THE FACT IS WHAT MATTERS.

Half of every fare paid to the Company was paid out again in wages last year. During the War wages have about doubled. Unless fares are raised, wages cannot be paid.

## FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

The London General Omnibus Co., Ltd., Electric Railway House, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1



PRIVATE A. J. WALKER,  
3rd. BATT. A.I.F.  
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

"Now that the war is over there is time to look back and think, and it seems to me that your firm can take a front seat amongst war workers.

"I have noticed numerous cases of men on Active Service who have derived benefit from your Phosferine.

"In my own case the trouble started in Gallipoli, where we were all more or less run down.

"When we went on to Egypt after the evacuation, I could not pick up; acting on advice I tried Phosferine, and that proved the turning point; after a couple of weeks I was well on the mend, and finally regained my normal health.

"Since then I have continued the doses when feeling at all out of sorts, and so have kept fit through the many strenuous months."

This gallant Australian soldier says his own experience entirely proves Phosferine is the only remedy for Nervous Prostration in whatever form it appears—Phosferine endowed his system with the nerve force which now prevents the loss of vitality that caused his collapse.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

# PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility  
Influenza  
Indigestion  
Sleeplessness

Neuralgia  
Maternity Weakness  
Premature Decay  
Mental Exhaustion  
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude  
Neuritis  
Faintness  
Brain-Fag  
Anæmia

Backache  
Rheumatism  
Headache  
Hysteria  
Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

**SPRATT'S** he would  
A SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere in accurate doses, as no water is required.

The 3-tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 13, 3- and 5-. The 3-size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

IF YOUR DOG COULD SPEAK, SAY

**SPRATT'S** he would  
ARTIFICIAL TEETH. he knows the difference. SPRATT'S make a Dog's life worth living.

**SPRATT'S "OVALS"** he knows the difference. SPRATT'S make a Dog's life worth living.

**ANÆMIA POORNESS OF BLOOD**  
**LOSS OF COLOUR, ETC.**  
**CURED BY**  
**FER BRAVAIS** or  
**FER BRAVAIS IRON**

invaluable in all cases of  
**GENERAL DEBILITY**

Sample post free from FER BRAVAIS,  
230, rue Lafayette, Paris; price on 1st post card

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI.** — "THE BOY" W. H. BERRY. To-day, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. at 2.

**AMBASSA'DORS** LEE WHITE in a new song show "US Every Egg." 8.20. Mats. Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.45.

**ADOLPHUS**—G. 52nd Street. Every night at 8. Mat. Tues. Fri. Sat. 6.30. OH JOY! A new Musical Play.

**BEECHAM** Opera Season, DRURY LANE—To-night, 8. "Bo home" a new Phobus and Paul. Wed. 2. "Louise."

**ODYSSEY**—Evenings, 8.15. "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT." A Musical Entertainment. Matines, Mon. Fri. Sat. 2.0.

**COURT**—Nights, at 7.45. Mat. Weds. 2.15. Sheridan's "School for Scandal." "OUR MOTHER'S BOY" Mat. Sat. 2.15.

**CRIERSON**—Tues. at 2.30. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" by Gladys Unger. Mat. Sat. 2.30.

**DALY'S**—Eggs. 8. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" by Gladys Unger. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**DUKE OF YORK'S**—Eggs. 8. "THE MAN FROM TORONTO" by George July. Iris Heep. Mats. Tu. and Th. 2.30.

**GARRICK**—Eggs. 8. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. C. B. Coates presents Robert Lovingson's "GIRL IN THE MOON."

**GLORE**—Marie Lohr. At 2.30 and 8. "VICTORY" by E. H. Hart. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**MASKELYNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY**—3 and 8. "Witches' Programmes" 6.15. Mat. Sat. 1.15.

**NEW**—Nights, at 8. "THE CHINESE PUSS" by Ethel May. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**OLD MAJESTY'S**—(3rd Year) CHIN CHOW by Harry H. Corcoran. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**KINGSWAY**—Eggs. 7.30. "THE NIGHT WATCH" by Madge Nittridge. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

**LODGE**—Eggs. 8.15. Mats. Tues. and Sat. 2.30. Ger. 4.62.

**LODGE**—Eggs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

**LYCEUM**—Eggs. 8. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

**LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH**—8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN" by John D. Innes.

**MASKELYNE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY**—3 and 8. "Witches' Programmes" 6.15. Mat. Sat. 1.15.

**OXFORD**—Eggs. 8.30. "THE NIGHT WATCH" by Madge Nittridge. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

**PLAYHOUSE**—Nights, at 8. "THE NIGHT WATCH" by Madge Nittridge. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**PRINCE'S**—At 8. "THE OFFICERS' MESS" by Ethel May. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**QUEENS'**—(2nd Year) "THE HOUSE OF PERIL" by Owen Nares. Eggs. 8. Mats. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

**ROYALTY**—8.15. Mat. Th. Sat. 2.30. CESAR W. ELLIOT, by W. Mayan. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**ST. JAMES'**—Gertude Elliott in "EYES OF YOUTH" To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Matines, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

**STARLIGHT**—At 8. "THE LADY IN THE DARK" by Nerses Seymour Hicks. Mat. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

**SAVOY**—Gibert Miller presents "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH" by W. Mayan. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**SCALA**—MATHEW IN LANGE IN "THE PURPLE MASS" Eggs. 8. Matines, Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Last Week.

**SHAMAN**—At 8. Matines, Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

**STRAND**—ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL" Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**VAUDEVILLE**—At 8.15. Nelly Keys in "BUZZ BUZZ" Revue. Margaret Hammeron. Mats. Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

**WYNDHAM**—At 8. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**ALHAMBRA**—Eggs. 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

**COLISEUM**—(6th, 7541) 2.30, 7.45. Harry Tate, Chico Mayne, Grock, Florence Smithson, Kathleen O'Hearn.

**HIPPODROME**—At 8.15. "JOY-VILLE" by Shirley Kellogg, George Hobey.

**ADMIRAL**—Eggs. 8. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**PALLADIUM**—At 8. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**PHILHARMONIC**—G. 10. Portobello Rd. WITH CAPT. SIR RICHARD HARRIS. Tues. 2.30.

**NEW CALLER**—At 8. Mat. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**THE HONEYMOON**—comedy, etc. 8.15.

**QUEEN'S**—Small Hall. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**Evening Dance**, 8.15. Mats. Tues. and Thurs. 2.30.

**Jazz Band** 8.15.

## MISSING SOLDIERS.

**BRIGHTON**, Pte. Richard, 23rd Batt., 10th Coy., 11th Batt., Regt., died April 18, 1918, in the service of his country. His will be greatly appreciated by his wife, Mrs. M. Brighton, 4, Brockenhurst-road, Addiscombe, Croydon.

## DRESS.

**DRESS** Skirts, pleated gabardine, 14s. 6d.; any size, any colour—Hamley's, Bon-Bon, Portobello-nd, London.

**ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.** — PAIR OF GUNNIES High Grade Nottingham Lace Curtains, 7yds. in pair, hand-sewn design, 28s. 6d. the two pair, carriage paid; worth double. Traveller's Coat, 40s. 6d. 100% Cashmere.

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# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

## A Successful Maiden Speech.

One of the most interesting incidents at the House of Commons last night was the maiden speech of Sir William Sutherland, the member for Argyll and the Primo Minister's Parliamentary Secretary. Sir William, who was received with general cheers (for he is one of the most popular men at St. Stephen's), intervened during the Committee stage of the Intestate Husband's Estate (Scotland) Bill. It is characteristic of the new M.P. that his first appearance as a speaker in the House should have been on behalf of the widows of the men who have fallen in the war.

## The First.

April certainly made fools of us all in London, the fateful First. We woke to find the streets and gardens white with frost. Going was dangerous on the slippery, sleety surface of the pavements. Yet by luncheon the fickle jade had changed her mind and presented us with a few beautiful hours.

## Bad for the Landlady.

How will the restrictions in the Rents Bill on prices for furnished rooms affect the seaside landlady? It looks as if her harvest would be severely diminished if she is not allowed to charge the customary "season" prices of three or four guineas a week for a tiny cupboard with a bed in it.

## The Actuaries' Estimate.

While thousands of honest citizens are hunting for a place in which to lay their heads, it is interesting to hear the actuarial computations of the depreciation in the value of house property. I am told that the actuaries put it at the tidy sum of £200,000,000.

## Mars and Venus.

"War work has made women's arms more beautiful," say the beauty experts. The ex-Kaiser cannot have foreseen this result of his great adventure. But it is interesting to



Mrs. Victoria Drummond, who will dance Eastern dances at a charity ball at the Alhambra, and Mrs. Katherine Riddoch, awarded the O.B.E. for services at a Hampshire war hospital.

remember that in the days of his splendour and artistic dilettantism he had a special admiration for beautiful arms.

## The Artistic Temperament.

His favourite gift for a lady was a fine bracelet, and he always insisted on decorating the recipient himself. The ceremony was carried out with due Hohenzollern formality.

## "W. G."

There is only one man (and you will guess who he is in a moment) who yields a bigger political and religious influence in North Wales than Mr. William George, the Preacher's brother.

## C.B.

There are several notable new Companions of the Bath announced this morning. Captain F. C. Brown, R.N., has his C.B. as the outward and visible sign of his success as head of our naval mission to Greece. Another Mediterranean C.B.—if one may put it so—is awarded to Captain Rudolf Burmester, who was chief of staff to Admiral Gough-Calthorpe.

## Why Tin Kettles Are Scarce.

"How on earth is it that it is impossible to buy a tin kettle anywhere?" I heard a housewife ask a shopkeeper. "Surely it's not the war now?" "No, mum," responded the shopkeeper. "It's the jazz bands. They are buying up everything in the tin line to make a noise with."

## Suburban Garden Pests.

Suburban householders are suffering from the attentions of garden thieves, who uproot tulips and narcissi, and so on, from front gardens in the early morning and impudently offer them for sale later in the day.

The Duchess of Atholl, whose husband, the Duke, in a speech predicts a successful Atlantic flight.

The Hon. Mrs. Francis Eaton, wife of the Hon. Francis Eaton, Grenadier Guards, who won the D.S.O. in the war.

## DUAL LEAGUE.

An Expert on the Channel Tunnel—The Luck of a "Star."

I HEAR AN interesting rumour from Paris. It is that Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson agreed on an Anglo-American League inside the League of Nations. And if it be carried into effect it should make war more remote than ever.

## No Belshazzism.

I learn that the Aliens Bill, when it becomes law, will only run for a couple of years. It is specially directed against political agitators who try to make this country a dumping-ground for sedition.

## The Dilemma.

It would be interesting to know which were the more concerned over the Military Service Bill debate—the Government Whips or the members who had pledged themselves to vote against conscription or go back to their constituents. It was lucky for both a way was found out of the difficulty.

## Not Silent Now.

The day when the Chief Party Whip was a silent member seems to have gone. The speeches made by Captain Guest while helping Mr. Winston Churchill have been admirable.

## A Good Speech.

I heard a very promising speech from a new member in the House the other night. The member I mean is Mr. F. A. Macquisten, who turned Mr. Pringle out of his Glasgow seat. He is a local man, having practised law in Glasgow for many years.

## An Advocate.

Perhaps it is his training in court that gives him the self-confidence which he displayed, unlike most new M.P.s, during his speech. If he would tone down his exuberant gestures he would do better; but he has a pleasant voice and a regular flow of language.

## Decorations for "Dug-Outs."

We all know the old Regular soldiers, who were kept in England during the fighting, much against their will, drilling and training the new armies. There is a feeling that they ought to have some sort of decoration, and Mr. Rupert Gwynn will ask Mr. Winston Churchill about it in the House to-day.

## The Red Brigade.

Talking of distinctions and such things, when are the war-time services of the London Fire Brigade going to be recognised? The men in the brass helmets did noble work during air raids, while the bombs were dropping and the shell splinters falling.

## The Channel.

Here you see Sir Francis Fox, whose explanation of the Channel Tunnel plan deeply impressed the House of Commons Committee on the project. It



## An Expert.

What Sir Francis does not know about tunnels you may safely ignore. He was the British expert of the three who advised on the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, and has written several books—notably one on his favourite scheme, the Cape-to-Cairo Rail-

Sir Francis Fox.

## Princess V.A.D.

The Italian Princess Irene Avierino-Wiozniawska, who organised the Italian Red Cross matinee at the Strand yesterday, was sitting in a box with the Marchese Imperiali and Count de la Feld. She tells me she has been a V.A.D. through the war at the Queen's Gate Hospital.

## Turns.

Lady Drumlanrig recited delightfully and the Grenadiers played a Victory march, composed by Miss Augusta Clayton-East, niece of Sir Gilbert.

## Free Fares.

I understand that the Government has decided to pay the fares of ex-soldiers who desire to take up land in the Dominions overseas. The decision will be very popular among Service men.

## To Read a Lesson.

I hear that Miss Lena Ashwell, who, as you know, has been organising concert-parties in France, is to read a lesson at a special memorial service in Worcester Cathedral during the course of the next few days.

## A Precedent.

This is, I believe, the first time that a lady has been at the lectern in an Anglican cathedral, though I seem to remember that Mrs. Brown Potter once recited a poem in Gorleston Parish Church, when the late Rev. Forbes Phillips was vicar.

## But Why?

I hear that headmasters of certain leading public schools have decided to boycott the Public Schools boxing championships on April 11. The reason is that the Amateur Boxing Association, which is in control, is admitting entrants from grammar and other secondary schools. It seems a pity.

## The Missing Letter.

An evening paper last night called the Home Secretary "Mr. Short." This is making Short shorter.

## Flying Publicity.

An aeroplane flew over New York yesterday to advertise a play now running there. But our American friends have not a monopoly of smartness. As soon as the ban on civilian flying here is lifted there will be some theatrical publicity stunts in, or rather over, London.

## What About Now?

About the theatrical dispute, Mr. H. B. Irving recently said that he was an actor before he was a manager. On the contrary, many people think "H. B." is an actor still, and a very good one.

## A "Treble."

Miss José Collins not only has a very nice voice herself, but she understands the value of a "treble." She returned to Daly's this week, and received a rapturous welcome after having backed the winners of the Lincoln and the Grand National.



Miss José Collins.

## Shakespearian.

"Hamlet" without any cuts will be played during the Shakespeare Birth-day Festival at the "Old Vic" in Waterloo-road. This interesting experiment is not often tried, owing to the length of time it takes. And, maybe, the modern craze for portentous pauses prevents the speeding-up of Shakespear.

## Where to Jazz?

One of the results of the dancing boom is a frantic search for suitable places in which to dance. Dozens of small dancing clubs are springing up; and they all want premises. Hotels are so full that it is useless to attempt to rent a large room in one of them.

## Studio Go.

Several clubs have taken studios in Chelsea and Kensington, thus making sure of a big airy room to dance in. It would be worth the while of anybody who has on his hands one of those big houses which nobody wants to keep up now to let the larger rooms for dancing.

THE RAMBLER.

**Gooseberries in April.**

THE palate simply yearns for gooseberries in April, and the young fruit is more tempting now than later in the season.

If your mouth is watering for gooseberries ask to have them stewed and served with FREEMAN'S CUSTARD. There is nothing more delicious than these seasonable dishes at this time of the year.

FREEMAN'S CUSTARD is the nearest approach to Devonshire Cream, and softens the sharpness of the fruit to a nicely.

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**FREEMAN'S  
CUSTARD**

# NOBODY'S LOVER

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.

JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.

DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

## A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

THEY lunched at a little inn just outside Barnet, and then Simpson, junior, went off to visit his client, and Ursula was left alone.

The window of the room overlooked the country road and a stretch of fields beyond, and beyond them again, blue sky and grey misty hills. With a little imagination one could believe that the sun lay there too, and Ursula looked towards it with eyes as passionate longing. Why was she here with a man for whom she cared less than nothing, when with her whole soul she craved to be with Jake? Why was life so hard, so pitifully foolish, to arrange things so badly? She turned away and began pacing the little room.

How could she help herself? She knew she could do nothing. Jake lay there, and the ground was beneath her feet. She had just gone on living, with this new terror knocking always at the door of her heart.

The little room seemed unbearably silent and breathless. She wandered out into the road.

The sunshine was warm on her face. In the garden of a cottage near by there were golden crocuses and daffodils nodding in the breeze.

It was spring now. Soon it would be summer, she could never be happy again, and back once more came the old racking doubt. Had he ever really loved her? Was it for her sake that he had gone away?

She tried to be honest with herself—knew that only the passionate wish to find some excuse for him gave birth to the thought.

Along the road the child came trailing towards her, and crying drearily. Ursula stopped.

"What's the matter, little girl?"

The crying changed for a moment, and two dimples were lit.

Blue eyes searched Ursula's face for a moment; then the tears came again, accompanied by a doleful shape of the head.

"Where do you live?" Ursula asked.

A tiny finger pointed to the cottage where the golden crocuses lifted their faces to the sun.

Ursula took the child's hand. "Come along. We'll go and see you." She led the child.

She was glad of the diversion. There was an odd sense of comfort in the feel of the small hand in her own. When they reached the gate she picked the child up in her arms and carried her up the garden path.

A worried-looking woman, with arms all wet with soapsuds, came to the door when she knocked. She looked at Ursula and began to wipe her arms vigorously on her apron.

"Dear me, Louie," she scolded the child. "What's the matter with you? Always crying you are now! I'm sorry you've been troubled, miss."

She took the child from Ursula and set her down on the floor.

"What a dear little cottage you have," Ursula said. The interior looked clean and comfortable, and the woman was well pleased.

"Will you step in for a cup of tea?" She dusted a chair and brought it forward.

"It must be very nice to live right in the country like this," Ursula said. "The air is so different from London."

The woman looked sceptical. "Oh, it's nice enough," she said grudgingly. "But I do say, and I always have said, that the country isn't anything like so healthy as people make out. Now, my neighbour—Mrs. Simpson—had two children not a month ago with the fever, and no accounting for it, so the doctor says. She turned on the child, who had started whimpering again. "Be quiet, Louie."

"I don't think she can be very well," Ursula said. She held out her hand to the child and lit her on to her lap.

She was a very little girl, with a shock of fair hair and blue eyes.

"You ought to be ashamed, that you ought, behaving so bad in front of a lady," the mother scolded. "I'm sure, miss, I've had trouble enough, what with one and another of them—four I've lost and four living, and my husband only just out of the Army, and not fit to work, as you might say."

Ursula let her talk. It was a diversion, at any rate. She sat there listening interestedly. This was a new side of life which hitherto she had never encountered. Looking down at the child presently, she found that she had fallen asleep.

"She's been like that for days," the mother said complainingly. "I'm sure, what with one and another of them, it's enough to drive a woman silly."

She went off to the kitchen, and came back with a glass of milk and a piece of home-made cake.

"If you'd be so kind as to take it, miss."

Ursula was not in the least hungry, but she did not like to refuse.

A wheezy clock struck three from the kitchen, and she remembered Simpson, junior, with a guilty start.

"I must be going. A friend is waiting for me in the village." She raised the child a little in her arms. "Can I lay her down somewhere? I have a chance to wash her up."

The woman cleared a heap of things off a couch in a corner of the room, and Ursula laid the child down. The little face looked very flushed, and as Ursula drew her arms away the child gave a fretful little whimper.

"Let's hope she'll sleep for the rest of the afternoon," the mother said. She was not really heartless, but she was worked and worried to

—

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

death. She took the five shillings Ursula offered her gratefully.

"It's all I can do to feed the children nowa days, that it is," she declared.

Ursula walked back to the inn quickly. Simpson, junior, was waiting for her rather anxiously. "I thought you had run away," he said. "Are you very tired of waiting? I am sorry to have been so long."

"It hasn't seemed long," she told him. "I went along the road and talked to a woman in a cottage there. She gave me some milk and cake."

She looked round at the fields lying beneath the warm sunshine. "I used to think I should have lived in the country," she said, "but to-day I believe I should really like it."

"It depends on circumstances—and people," Simpson, junior, answered.

Ursula stifled a sigh. "Yes, of course it does." She was very silent during the drive home.

"But I have enjoyed it—ever so much," she told Simpson, junior, when they parted.

"Perhaps you will come again some day, then," he answered with unwonted eagerness. As a rule he was rather afraid of women, and avoided their society, but he had enjoyed being with Ursula.

## BAD NEWS OF JAKE.

URSULA had a big tussle with herself that night. She knew that unless once and for all she could get the upper hand of her emotions and put Jake out of her life she would go to pieces.

Her mighty ambition was fading. It seemed a thing to be ashamed of that her great gift should so easily have been pushed on one side by him. She forced herself to look facts in the face, and rob them of all hopeful illusionism.

Jake did not want her. She might break her heart for him, and he would not care. She had given him many chances—she had let him know that she cared. Even though he had been so easily hurt, she had sent them word to make a boat and then allow an opportunity for clearing up the misunderstanding if one came.

He had not answered. To a disinterested onlooker that would have been a sufficient answer.

"If it were anyone else, I should say that he never cared," she told herself. "Why can't I say so now and believe it?"

In the morning she spoke to Punelli about going away. "I should like to go soon—quite soon," she said earnestly, "if you think it could be arranged."

Punelli looked at her doubtfully. It might be the best thing, he admitted. He did not think London agreed with her.

"You think you will work better where the sun shines and where the sky is always blue, eh?" he asked. "Yes, think so, too."

"Then shall we let you go?" He patted her shoulder with his plump hand. "We will see—will see," he promised.

Ursula clung to the hope. Once away from London she was sure she would feel differently. It would be like beginning the world again, wiping all that had gone before out of her life.

She forgot that memory cannot die, or perhaps she wished to forget it. "Come and see me that evening," she told Punelli that afternoon. "I have had an invitation to Doris St. Claire's wedding," so she wrote. "Are you going? Come and see me and talk about frocks and wedding presents. You are getting too serious, my child. Come to tea and twaddle, as John calls it, and forget that you have got a career for once."

Ursula went. She had not been asked to Jake at all, and yet now here she was already breaking her determination. How weak people were, she thought with self-scorn, and yet for the life of her she could not have resisted asking the question.

Elspie begged her shoulders. "He never has settled down in England for long, I know," she said reluctantly. "John says that ever since he has known him he has always been wandering about."

Ursula leaned her elbow on her knee, her hand shading her eyes.

Presently she said with a sort of deliberation: "Elspie, has Mr. Rattray ever told you anything about Mr. Rattray—about his health, I mean? Anything, serious?"

Elspie shook her head. "I don't think so—only that he has never been the same since the war. He was wounded, I know, and had shell-shock but . . ." She broke off, struck by something in Ursula's attitude. "What do you mean, dear?" she asked.

For an instant Ursula hesitated, then she said with a sort of deliberation. "I never meant to tell you, but somehow I must. I never meant to speak of him again—ever! But it's no use—I suppose I'm weak and silly, but I can't help it. Yesterday—or was it the day before? I forgot, but it was after I was here anyway—I went home on a bus, and I met a man there—a doctor he is—who helped me with . . . Mr. Rattray, that day he was taken ill in the restaurant. Did Mr. Spies tell you about that?"

"Yes, he said that Jake fainted."

Ursula looked up with tragic eyes.

"It wasn't a faint—not just an ordinary one," she said. "At least—that's what this man told me, and I suppose he ought to know, as he is a doctor. He said it was Jake's heart, and that he was sure he had a serious heart trouble that . . . might kill him if . . . if he was not very careful."

"Yes, Ursula, I don't believe it! What a cruel thing to have told you."

"No, that's what I thought at first, but—but yesterday I asked Mr. Simpson about it—and—and he confirmed it!" Her voice broke, but she struggled on. "He said that Jake told him himself."

The two girls looked at one another with shocked eyes, then Ursula broke out again vehemently.

"Oh, I don't believe it. If it had been true John would have known—I am sure he would and he would have told me . . ." She stopped, turning her head towards the door. "Here is John," she said.

The door opened before she could reach it, and Spies came in. He looked pale and agitated. He began to speak then stopped as he saw Ursula.

"Elspie ran to him. "Something is the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know what it is!"

He told them then, as gently as he could. "I went to Simpson's just now—on business, and while I was there a cable came through from Marseilles . . ."

"Jake," said Elsa, breathlessly.

He nodded. "Yes." He looked at Ursula, but she had not moved or spoken. "He's seriously ill," he said, jerkily. "Dangerously ill, the wire said. They have had to take him ashore from the boat at Marseilles."

"I went down to Barnet yesterday with Mr. Simpson," Ursula said presently. "He was

going on business, so he drove me down in his car. We had lunch there and I quite enjoyed it."

"Simpson! Isn't he Jake's solicitor?"

"Is he? Yes. I believe he is." Ursula held her hands to the fire. Her voice was quite indifferent.

"John knows him."

"Elspie went on, "and likes him, too, I think. He's quite young, isn't he?"

"About forty, I should think."

Elspie looked at the girl curiously. Sometimes Ursula's manner was like her mother's.

"I don't understand her in the least," she had told her husband, exasperatedly, only the night before. "Sometimes I think she has too much heart, and at other times it seems almost as if she hasn't any. What do you think, John?"

"My dear, don't ask me!" he had answered. "I'm only tried to understand one woman in my life, and I have done that now, but it's very successful—has it?" he inquired, fondly.

"Silly boy!" Elsa kissed her husband absently, but she was not satisfied.

Fond as she was of Ursula, she did not feel that she knew her sufficiently to force her confidence further than it had already been offered.

If you do go to 'Ivydale,' she said presently, rather sadly, it will mean good-bye to our friendship for ever."

Ursula looked up with startled eyes.

"Why, what do you mean? What nonsense!"

Elsa shook her head. "No, it isn't. Things are never the same again when people get separated like that. Oh, I know it's all very fine to say we can write to one another, but it's not really possible to keep up a friendship by letters. Take Jake, for instance. He and John were just like the two units of one, and when Jake thought marriage was going to make all the difference, so I did my best so that it shouldn't, but it did, all the same; and now he's gone away, and it's bound to make even a greater difference than I did. I know John is ever so sore about it, though he doesn't say very much. There's something in a friendship between two men that nothing can ever make up for; at least, I think so."

There was a little silence.

"Need Mr. Rattray have gone?" Ursula asked then stiffly.

She had made up her mind not to speak of Jake at all, and yet now here she was already breaking her determination. How weak people were, she thought with self-scorn, and yet for the life of her she could not have resisted asking the question.

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"I should not think his opinion would be worth much," Elsa answered frankly. "I've never met him, but from what I've heard . . ."

She paused.

"I went down to Barnet yesterday with Mr. Simpson," Ursula said presently. "He was

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.

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## AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN.



There is always a large crowd to see the guard changed at Bonn University. The men belong to the Border Regiment.—(Official photograph.)



THE AFTER-WEDDING ORDEAL.—Showers of confetti greeted Lieutenant Edward Jarvis, R.E., and his bride (Miss Eileen Sims) when they left St. Jude's Church, Southsea.



William Beard.



Robert Beard.

**BROTHERS.** Robert Beard carried his brother William safely when the latter had a leg blown off at Gallipoli. William died a few days ago.



TO FOSTER DRAMATIC TALENT.—Group taken at a meeting of the Irish Dramatic Council, which has for its object the fostering of Irish dramatic talent. The founder, Sir Valentine Grace (seated with folded arms), is chairman.

## A Woman's Worries.

By ESTELLE.

IT was a charming garden in which to spend a brief holiday. Michaelmas daisies and late roses steeped themselves in the autumn sun-shine, and a robin's song sounded in the apple-tree. I used to think it must be a War that had ever been a War and that I had ever worked in a Munition Factory.

A quarter of an hour passed drowsily. I wok to find Isabel looking cool and delicious in a white frock, standing beside me.

"You pretty creature," I said, "sit down and let me have a look at you. You can't think what a joy it is to see you looking so sweet and nice. You mustn't preserve their appearance in a small factory."

"I am not so sure," said Isabel, "certainly T.N.T. and things must be rather distressing. But that is not the only work that is telling on the looks of our sex, my dear. Most girls who have been on the land, or motor-driving, get dreadfully sunburnt, and the hair of many V.A.D.s is a thing to weep over. Always wearing a very ruff one's hair."

Always wearing a cap at the factory has certainly spoilt mine," I said ruefully. "I was never a beauty, but I had rather decent hair. Now it's getting very grey and thin, and I haven't the time to wave it and make it look respectable."

Isabel stared at me in charming dismay. "Dreadful!" she exclaimed, shaking her head. "The sun gives you a very ugly, sun-burnt hair. This is indeed a minor horror of the war. I do hope women have not sacrificed their charm as well as everything else in doing their bit. There is no necessity for anything of the kind, and if you will let me talk without interruption for about ten minutes, I think I can show you that usefulness and ugliness are by no means inseparable."

She spoke with such a smile as she spoke. I noted the clear whiteness of her skin, the beauty of her hands and nails, the long dark lashes that gave shadowy charm to her eyes and contrasted so well with her fair way hair.

"This war," she began, "has made us find out what is essential and what isn't. We have wasted time, and we've got to work doubly hard to make up for it; that is why you and I have spent so much time in the garden and out turning instead of lounging in cultured ease. Nevertheless I keep a thick hedge round my kitchen garden and a few beds filled with flowers and not with onions, because when Jack comes back he likes to see this place looking as he remembers it. Also I like to look as nice as possible without spending much, because he appreciates it. Last time he came back"—she smiled rather shyly—"he told me I looked as though I was fighting for it."

"You do," I impressed heartily.

"Well," she resumed, "hard work is certainly bad for one's appearance, and women are realising to their dismay that the pre-war methods of soap and water followed by a dabbing with some cheap face cream and an application of powder—methods which sufficed when one led an easy, sheltered life—are not sufficient to counteract the effects of prolonged and strenuous outdoor work. That kind of thing will not prevent you from burning and chafing when you are out all day in strong sun or wind. I have suffered agonies myself from 'freely applying' a so-called 'soothing and healing' cream to an already smarting skin. However, I am free of all complexion worries now. When I first took up gardening I got dreadfully sunburnt. I used to be using monopliised wax, even our village chemist sells the blessed stuff; I cover my face and neck with a thin layer of the wax, which absorbs the old skin invisibly and painlessly, leaving the fresh new skin exposed. It's only hastening nature's way, of course."

"I used to think powder was indispensable. But the chemist turned out waste involved in using powder made me think. Now I use a simple but very effective home-made lotion of clemintine and water that gives the bloom of powder and remains all day. Think of the joy of not having to worry perpetually as to whether one's nose is shiny or not. Moreover, clemintine is good for the skin, and is a marvellous protection against the weather."

"I used to be lonely enough," I said, "though I can't think nothing would improve mine. I wonder though, if you could recommend something for my hair?"

"I can," said she, "but I wish you'd try my complexion treatment first. As to your hair, this is my suggestion. Come round to the chemist after tea and we'll get some stallax. I'm running out of shampoo so I'll like I'll split an ordinary packet with you and you can try it. Before you shampoo your hair with it rub a little olive oil into your scalp, as washing always dries the hair. Stallax is by far the best shampoo I know. Then I'll make you up a tonic—no, it's no secret—just boraxium and bay-rum. As to waving, hot irons have most disastrous effects; besides they give regular waves like ripples at harbours. I'm not really thinking to anyone. Silmerine is a very pleasant liquid and you can regulate the waves so as to suit your features. I myself prefer a slight ripple, and I get it by damping my hair with silmerine and leaving a slide in. There, what do you think of me as a beauty specialist?" she ended, laughing. "Here's tea, so let's turn to brighter subjects."

"I guess you were trying some of your notions," I said. "We were having tea in the garden. Just one question more: How do you keep your hands so nice in spite of gardening and housework?"

Her white hands with their delicate pink nails were moving dexterously among the tea things. "Bacilium jelly," she answered. "It gets the dirt out of the cracks and keeps one's hands quite nice. I use a liquid nail polish—Parker Belmont's."

**PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION.**  
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## TWO DISQUALIFICATIONS AT WARWICK.

Objections to the Dione Colt and Warwick—Favourites Fail.

## DERBY AND LINGFIELD TO-DAY.

For the second day of Warwick there was an increased attendance. A driving wind during the night and early morning had brought improvement to the course, which did not ride so heavy as on Monday.

Of the entries for the Spring Three-Year-Old Handicap Flying Duck, which ran on the third to All Alone and Rothesay Bay last week, was not pulled out one of the half dozen runners Unadorned repeated best of the best form.

Runner had it that Hartigan had tried Ensay very highly, and in the market Unadorned had only a fraction call over Ensay. On the latter Donoghue waited until entering the straight, when he came away with a good race with Miss Eva, by three-quarters of a length, with the favourite another four lengths away.

Barling saddled a well-tried and well-backed two-year-old for the Leamington Plate in the colt by Lonwander—Dione, and the other three were only supported in lukewarm fashion.

It was a close race between Dione and Piastra, and the former, which got home by half a length, was so extended that not even Donoghue could keep him straight. An objection for bumping and boring was sustained and the race awarded to Piastra.

### WARRICK CARRIES WRONG WEIGHT.

An elaborate scale of penalties and allowances attached to the United Services Plate, the runners for which had to be ridden by past or present officers, professional jockeys being barred.

There was some close betting between Buckthorn, Galician and Warwick, the first named, which ran well in last year's Cesarewitch, having a slight call of the others. The distance was not far enough for him, however, and in a good finish Mr. Frank Brown landed Warwick first past the post by a length from Eaton Hero. Galician being another three lengths away.

An objection to the winner on the grounds of carrying wrong weight was sustained and the race awarded to Eaton Hero. Buckthorn was placed third.

Everybody was on the look out for Game, another of Loates' two-year-old brigade, in the Grove Park Plate, and when it was found Ravensmead was not of the party odds were laid on Mr. Sol Joel's colt.

It was not a day for favourites, however, and this one was beaten into third place the winner turning out to be a colt, Valens—Sentimental, the property of that good sportsman Major F. G. Stern. The colt had nothing to spare from Ashbee, a youngster trained by Colling.

### FAVOURITE WINS AT LAST.

Backers hit the mark in the Town Welter, however, for despite previous reverses they laid 6 to 5 on Bird's Nest, which ran well at the last Newmarket Houghton Meeting. He now scored by a neck from Royal Jewel, which came nearer to winning this time than in three outings last season.

Backers had been looking out for Waltz for some time, and when it was found his owner was standing in to Serbans, odds of 7 to 4 were laid on his beating three opponents. He did so, but Mr. H. A. Brown only got him home a length and a half in front of Walton Heath.

This afternoon's card for Derby promises well. The most important event will be the Doveridge Handicap over a mile. Several of the Lincolnshire Handicap competitors, including Rivershore, Piastra, Ambre, and Helion, can compete for this.

It seems likely that Rivershore will not go, for success here would entail a penalty for the Newbury Cup. Cullander may not run for the same reason. I thought Helion was about third best in the Lincoln Handicap, and he has my vote now.

There is likely to be quite good sport under National Hunt Rules at Lingfield. Selections for both meetings are as follows:

### DERBY.

2.30—ROTHESAY BAY.  
3.0—GOLDEN SQUARE.  
3.35—HELIOS.

4.35—ROTHESAY BAY.

4.50—MAMENAL.

### DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\*HELION and ROTHESAY BAY.

BOUVIER.

### WARRICK RACING RETURNS.

1.40—SPRING 3-Y.O. HIGH-WEIGHT HURDLE. 1—IMPERIAL (6-1). Donoghue. 1—MISTER EATON (6-1). Unadorned (6-1). Wallop. Also ran: Warway (10-1), Friar, Denis, Elysium (10-0). Three-quarters, four (Hartigan).

2.40—WALMINGHAM 2-Y.O. SELLING PLATE. 51—PIASTRE (6-1, Robbie), 1—LADY VIOLET G (7-1, All. 20). 2—AMPANDA (10-1, Fox). 3—Also ran: Dione (5-2), Dione (10-1), Black, Breda, Lark, Lark, Lark, Breda, and two others. Lady Violets head behind Piastra. (Sadler).

2.40—UNITED SANDWICHES PLATE. 1—EATON (10-1). 2—WALMINGHAM (7-1). 3—GALICIAN (2-1, Carlino). 2—BUCKTHORN (7-4, Mr. H. A. Brown). 3. Also ran: Warwick (7-2, disqualification), Black, Archer, Tinker, Tinker, Tinker, and two others. Eaton was third best in the English v. Scottish League race at Epsom, but was disqualified for carrying wrong weight. (Tabor).

2.40—GROVE PARK 2-Y.O. SELLING PLATE. 51—SENTIMENTAL (10-0, Hulme). 1—ASHBEDE (7-1, Lancaster). 2—GAME (1-2, Carslake). 3. Also ran: Law Divine (Like Magic (6-1), Aristocrat, Hugo, River, Pond, Lily (10-0). No. 3 was 10-0. (Hulme).

3.40—TOWN WELTER HURDLE. 61—BIRDS' NEST (5-2, V. Smyth). 1—ROYAL JEWEL (6-1, Allsop). 2—NURSE (5-1, Donoghue). 3. Also ran: Menu (5-1), Noxx (6-1). (Lark).



BRITISH ARMY v. FRENCH ARMY.—Sergeant Chayrigues saving in the inter-Army match at Paris. He unfortunately injured his arm in stopping this hot shot.

## TO-DAY'S PROGRAMMES.

### DERBY.

2.00—ELVASTON CASTLE T.Y.O. S. PLATE, 106 sors; 51—SUDBURY T.Y.O. PLATE, 200 sors; St.

3.00—FIREWORKS (Lord Anglesey).....

3.30—CREATIVE EYE (Mr. R. Edwards).....

4.30—PASTA (by Juniper (Mr. W. Higgins).....

5.30—JANTUNG CAR (Major Kidston).....

6.30—MARKETON (Sir J. Paget).....

7.30—LADY'S SWEET (Lord Wood).....

8.30—GOLDEN WARE (Sir A. Bailey).....

9.30—WOLFS (Mr. W. Chambers).....

10.30—SQUANDER (Mr. W. Cooke).....

11.30—PROCEDE (Mr. R. Dobell).....

12.30—FIREWORKS (Fred Hardy).....

1.30—LADY AMELIA (Mr. A. Leannon).....

2.30—LAGGAN (Mr. C. Ismay).....

3.30—JAMES (Mr. J. Jones).....

4.30—LACROSSE (Mr. S. Joel).....

5.30—MODE (Mr. J. Kennedy).....

6.30—ROTHESAY (Mr. G. Robinson).....

7.30—CICEROLE (Baron de Rothschild).....

8.30—SILVER STREAM (Colonel Thorley).....

9.30—MOURMENDE (Mr. W. Thornton).....

10.30—M. V. T. (Major V. T. Thorley).....

11.30—GRANDMERE (Lord Montagu).....

12.30—BECK (Lord Warwick).....

1.30—FIREWORKS (Lord Eburne).....

2.30—AVIEMORE (Mr. T. Galley).....

3.30—SNOW CROSS (Captain Collier).....

4.30—ROTHESAY (Mr. H. Rhodes).....

5.30—GOLDEN SQUARE (Mr. M. Inman).....

6.30—PLUM (Mr. P. Fleming).....

7.30—SILVER STREAM (Mr. J. Jones).....

8.30—LANDOR (Mr. F. Benson).....

9.30—LESSON (Mr. F. Dixon).....

10.30—M. V. T. (Major V. T. Thorley).....

11.30—SIMPSON (Mr. C. W. Moore).....

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WHAT IS HER  
FUTURE TO BE?

LOOK ahead and picture your little girl at ten years old—fourteen!—eighteen!—twenty-one! If it is in your hands. Think how happy you would be to have money enough to give her the best of everything as she grows up—to give her the best possible start in life. Good education—good clothes—happy holidays—an allowance, perhaps, when she marries.

Money saved now and invested in Savings Certificates will grow just as your little girl does.

Sixpence and shilling saved now when you can spare them, will mean pounds later on when you will need them—for her!

The very wisest thing you can do for your little one is to buy

**Savin's  
CERTIFICATES**

You can get them through your  
SAVINGS ASSOCIATION  
or from a Bank, Post Office,  
or Official Agent.

Drummer Dye-deas.



## Don't Buy New—Yet

Although the War is behind us the things of commerce are not yet settled, and clothes must be made to last their longest.

The happy way to make things do is the Drummer way. Try it and see; faded colours lose themselves in bright (or delicate) new shades: stains offend the eye no more, when Drummer the all-British dye has been used.

Drummer Dyes cost but a copper or two (pay only the price printed on the packet); you can buy any colour and mix any shade you will. Drummer Dyeing is so easy. Try Drummer's on:

Cushion Covers, Chintzes,  
Blouses, Frocks, Gloves,  
Stockings, Curtains, etc.

Drummer Dyes  
are sold by  
Chemists and  
Stores every-  
where.

Write for booklet,  
'The Art of Dyeing.'

W. EDGE & SONS,  
Lt. BOLTON,  
Toronto;

And 15, Valentine Street, New Bedford, Mass., U.S.A.



## BEAUTY QUEENS' AGES FROM 17 TO 21.

Interesting Fact Disclosed  
by Great Contest.

### OUR SPECIAL NUMBER.

The "Album of Beauty," which is Saturday's special enlarged number of *The Daily Mirror*, and will contain portraits of the chief winners in our £1,000 Beauty Competition and the names and addresses of all prize-winners, has been hailed by our women readers quite as eagerly as by the men.

The pictures of the four leading lovely girls will not be mere studio portraits.

During the week special photographs are being taken of the winners actually engaged on the war work which was their qualification for entry to the £1,000 competition.

These pictures of the young girls in their war spheres will be unique as a record of what women did for their country during the heat and kept the perfection of their beauty.

Many readers have written to ask what age in a woman's life is the most beautiful as evidenced by the 50,000 photographs received.

The actual ages of the winners vary from seventeen to twenty-one, which answers the query.

Whether the old belief is right that beautiful women are plain children is now a point in which the public has interested itself.

The judges have, since the competition was won, seen some of the baby and child photographs of the winners, and have many interesting things to say on this point later on.

### OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

Hospital Matron's Bequests—Solicitor's 25 p.c. War Reduction.

Among wills proved yesterday were the following:

Miss Eva Charlotte Ellis Luckes, C.B.E., matron of the London Hospital, Whitechapel, left property of the gross value of £4,178 2s. 2d., of which £3,804 12s. is net personalty.

To Lord Knutsford she left a gold and jewelled pen, £100 "to purchase for himself anything that may be necessary for his health and in memory of a pleasant friendship," and £200 for a portrait or bust in bronze or marble of Lord Knutsford, to be placed in the Nurses' Home, "to equip future generations of nurses that but for Lord Knutsford the home would never have been erected to promote their happiness and comfort."

There are also legacies to her medical attendant, nurses, servants and others, and the residue to Thysa Larsen, in "grateful remembrance of her care of me and invaluable help in my work." This Larsen deserves to be cremated, the ashes placed in St. Philip's, Stepney, and a memorial tablet placed there.

Sir Joseph Bright, solicitor, ex-Mayor of Nottingham, and chairman of Nottingham University College, who died at the age of sixty-nine, left £152,713, net personalty, leaving £76,240.

By his will it is directed that 1½ legacies except those to his children should be reduced by 25 per cent. on account of the war.

Sir Joseph leaves various sums to local charities and £1,000 each and the residue of his property to his five children.

### MINES SMASHES CLIFF.

A big mine driven ashore by the storm of the Cithnean coast in the vicinity of Sir Groot's exploded with terrific force and pieces of metal were found over a wide area.

The explosion occurred near Duncansby Head, a bold headland rising some 200ft., and the effect is very apparent in the face of the cliffs, where masses of rock were dislodged.

## 49,772 SKIN CURES IN ONE YEAR

By the Greatest Skin Healer Ever Known.

### CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

These remarkable figures have just been compiled from the records of that marvellous new Skin Compound "ZEE-KOL" discovered by an English lady, an eminent skin specialist.

Numbers of the cases of skin complaints that have been cured by ZEE-KOL have been given by 100 of the leading London and Provincial hospitals as incurable, others comprise the most severe forms of Eczema, Various Diseases of the Skin, Ulcers, Fissures, Ulcers of the Mouth, Bad Legs and Running Sores of many years' standing, Erysipelas, Carbuncles, Piles, Acne, Blackheads and Pimples, Ulcers of the Mouth, and a host of other forms of skin disease as Leprosy have contributed the rest to the wonder of the curative properties of ZEE-KOL.

In the ZEE-KOL Skin Compound many cases have had such proofs that much terrible suffering can be avoided, and many amputations of limbs are no longer necessary. Wounded soldiers from the front unsuccessfully

### £750 BATHROOMS.

Flower-Decked Apartments That Rival Boudoirs in Size.

### A FEW CHAIRS FOR RECEPTIONS.

A shop for the exclusive sale of bathroom accessories has been opened off Regent-street by two women just back from Serbia.

A visit to the premises paid by *The Daily Mirror* revealed long couches for sale, cushions, glass dishes, face creams, silk curtains, window boxes and charming lounge robes.

"Yes, these are all in our stock and all necessary to the fitting up of the modern bathroom," explained the owner.

A room as big as a boudoir is now allotted to the shop, and £300 is an ordinary sum for Mayfair folk to pay for the fitting up of these luxury rooms.

"One of our clients has spent £750 on her bathroom.

"There is a sun bath and walls and floor are tiled to start with. To that we added an indoor window box of growing flowers, washable rugs of red and pink, cork and leather seats, glass tables, and a panel bath to hold ungloved creams, perfumes and salts.

"We supply a long couch to rest on with cushions and rugs, electrically heated.

"There is a seat for hairdressing before triple-mirrors; also a few chairs to receive friends resting after the bath.

"The lady is having all glass bottles, boxes, tumblers, jugs and rails painted with tiny roses and buds and violets."

### NO MORE COMMISSIONS.

### Not Prepared to Extend Inquiries to Other Industries.

Mr. Bonar Law stated yesterday that the Government was not prepared to extend inquiries similar to that of the Coal Commission to other staple industries.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Cardinal Bourne had an audience of the King yesterday.

Alien enemies in this country number about 26,000, of whom about 5,000 are interred.

A £1,000,000 club house is New York's recognition of the war services of the 77th Division.

The women street-sweepers engaged by Dover Town Council declined to continue after a week's experimental work.

For possessing ammunition, Timothy Cronin, Tralee, Co. Kerry, has been sentenced by court-martial to a year's hard labour.

The coal position on the Tyne is abnormally bad and a record position has been reached with regard to shortage for shipment.

Dead in Water Cistern.—Mr. George Bond, a Wigian merchant, has been found dead in a water cistern at the rear of his residence near Southport.

The King and Queen will attend the memorial service at Westminster Abbey to-day for the officers and men of the Household Cavalry fallen in the war.

For the 20,000 newspaper, books and periodicals sent by the 100 newspapers for the Fleet" Committee the Admiralty has expressed its thanks to the chairman of the committee.

By Quaker.—Mr. Robert O. Menzies, the well-known Quaker, who has already served two and a half years in prison as a "C.O." has been sentenced to two years' hard labour for disobeying the military authority.

Beatty's Thanks.—In recognition of Preston's generosity in providing over 8,000 tons of fresh vegetables and fruits to men of the Grand Fleet, Admiral Beatty will send H.M. destroyers Verax and Watchman for inspection at Preston Dock.

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### WOMEN WORKERS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THEIR HAIR.

Danderine Keeps the Hair and Scalp Clean, Strong and Healthy.

Despite the wearing of caps, net and other contrivances, fine particles of dust and dirt will get their way into the hair and scalp; causing a disagreeable itching and irritation of the scalp, the hair falling out and becoming thin, dry, dull and straggly.

The use of a little Danderine each day quickly stops all this. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it through your hair one strand at a time, when you will immediately experience a delightful feeling of cleanliness and comfort. The hair becomes beautifully soft, light, fluffy, and has an appearance of abundance with lustre and luxuriance. Danderine will keep the scalp in a clean and healthy condition, thus giving the hair a fair chance to grow and develop.

Danderine is wonderfully economical to use—a little goes a long way, and therefore a 1/3 bottle lasts a long time, and can be used equally as well for men, women and children. Danderine takes no longer to use than in brushing your hair.

Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at once. Start to-day and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any; that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment; that is all. You certainly can have a healthy head of beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine. Sold and recommended by all Chemists. (Advt.)

### CRIPPLED!

Thousands of men and women are cripples, not through accidents or from birth, but by reason of the deadly hold which rheumatism or sciatica has on their bodies, for renders arms and fingers, legs and toes, apparently hopeless.

But not hopeless, for modern science has produced "ODDS-ON OILS," the surest and most certain cure for such conditions which sufferers have yet been offered.

These wonderful oils penetrate through skin, tissues and flesh right down to the seat of the malady. They are an alloy all pain commences to remove the uric acid deposits, banish all the causes and symptoms and give a freedom of movement.

### CURED.

It cannot be otherwise if "ODDS-ON OILS" are applied for their curative virtues are so powerful that they cure forms and attacks of rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbar and neuralgia are at once removed.

"ODDS-ON OILS" soothe, heal and cure, allay pain, disperse causes and effect a recovery which is absolute and permanent.

Remember "ODDS-ON OILS" is also the finest remedy for chilblains, sprains, strains and bruises.

### FREE OFFER.

Don't go on suffering. Write to-day for a Free Trial Bottle of "ODDS-ON OILS," and see for yourself what it will do.

After you have proved the goodness of "ODDS-ON OILS" you can obtain a further supply of 50s. and the 550 bottles of "BOOTS' CHAMOMILE" and the 550 bottles of "POND'S VANILLA" from the well-known chemist, in bottles, 1s. 2d. and 3s. 6d. If any difficulty direct, Post Free, 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

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1s. 6d. 3s. 6d. 550 bottles of "BOOTS' CHAMOMILE" 550 bottles of "POND'S VANILLA" 1s. 6d.

# Daily Mirror

Wednesday, April 2, 1919.

## GIRL'S FAREWELL GIFT.

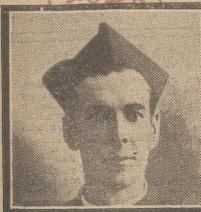
9 11926 R



Presenting an American soldier with a box of sweets to help him on his journey home. He is leaving Winchester, formerly one of the military centres in England.

P 20549

P 129 B



JUDGE OF THE JAZZ.—The Rev. William Howe, of East Ham, one of the committee of clergies who passed judgment on the jazz at Princes to-night.

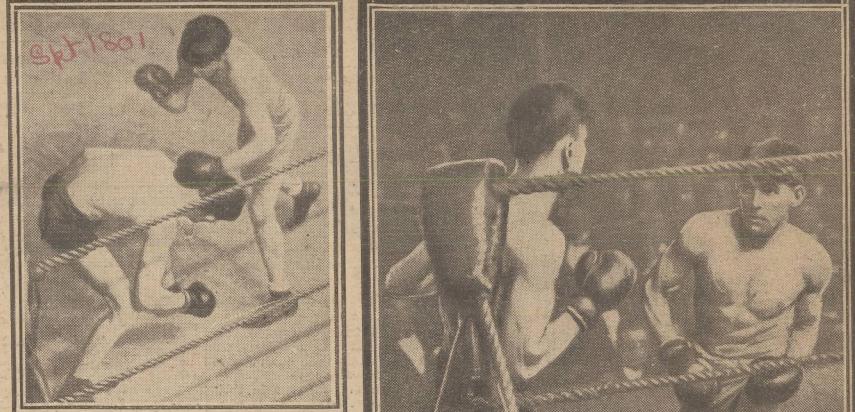
NATIONALITY CHANGED.—Prince Nicholas of Greece, a son of "Tino," who becomes a Danish subject by permission of a royal decree.

P 420



PRINCESS ILL.—Princess Ileana of Rumania, who has been seriously ill with influenza. She is now improving.

Place your order to-day for the  
"Daily Mirror"  
SPECIAL BEAUTY NUMBER  
ON  
SATURDAY NEXT.



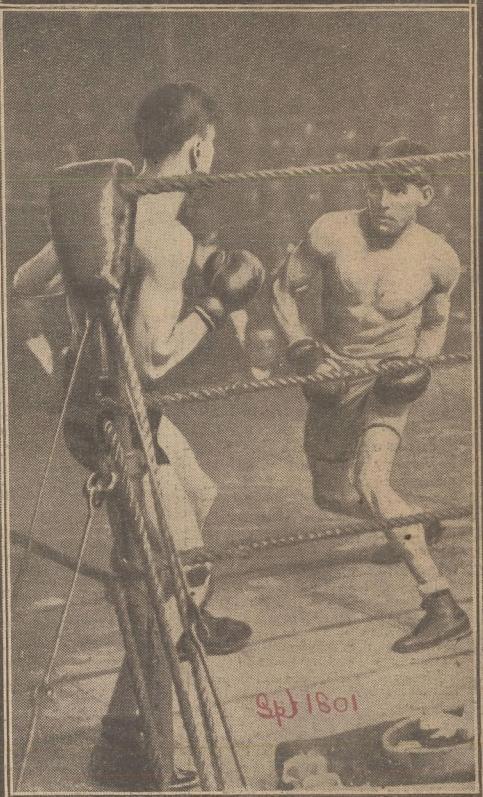
Lynch ducks. Wilde fighting both hands.

Spt 1801

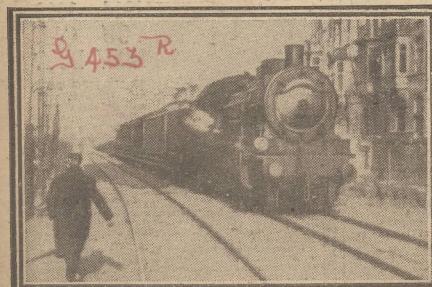


Wilde slips over and Lynch helps him up.

Spt 1801



Wilde forces Lynch into a corner and deals out punishment.



TRAIN IN A STREET.—The Germans completely wrecked the station and permanent-way at Bruges, and it has been found necessary to build a track in a main street.

14 cent



Wilde slips a lead and counters with a right.

Spt 1801



Wilde dodges Lynch's left lead.

Wilde getting close to avoid punishment.

Though conceding his opponent at least a stone, Jimmy Wilde defeated Joe Lynch on points in fifteen rounds at the National Sporting Club. He won by forcing the fighting.—(Exclusive Daily Mirror photographs.)